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GICK! MAGAZINE

PO Box 5273

Everett, WA 98206-5273

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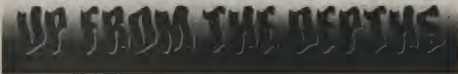
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Hey, we followed through with *this* issue, let's see if we can break even again.

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by Scott Stine

And they said things couldn't get any worse.

Whoever "they" are, please take one step forward; it's hard trying to set my sites on you when yer hiding in the crowd. (Don't think I'm above taking random potshots, though.)

Against all odds, not only did the second issue of this rag make it out on schedule (bi-annual at last), it, well, made it out. Shortly after the first issue of the new run went to press, all sorts of ducky things happened to yours truly. Remember that News Flash stating that my book *The Gorehound's Guide to Splatter Films* was slated for a Fall release from a real publisher? You know, the book that was nine years in the making, and the one which I had selflessly devoted the previous year of my life working on, quite often twelve hours a day, living off of a measly eighty bucks a week I received from unemployment? Well, apparently it doesn't pay to be an overachiever, as it was dumped when the word count supposedly exceeded the publisher's expectations—by four times—although someone on the other end should have had the math skills to figure out that it would've done just that. The excerpt I had sent them in the early stages of contract negotiations should have alerted them to the project's potential girth; this excerpt—which barely amounted to a fourth of the book—already made the minimum word count that they apparently did not want to surpass. News to me.

In the meantime, I had accrued a tremendous debt; having no income during the last four months of my "sabbatical," I was forced to max out my credit card paying bills, obtaining about a hundred films I still needed to finish my book, and upgrading my computer set-up so as to accommodate the demands put on me by my publishing contract.

As if I didn't have enough to whine about, I was also trying to clean up after what amounted to a particularly messy five-year relationship, as well as the aftermath that resulted when a pipe burst above my video collection (or, more specifically, about four hundred titles). To add insult to injury, my rent was raised a substantial amount, and my cat died. (Granted, she was twenty-some years old, but with all of the monies I spent on vet bills in the past, I was determined

she was gonna' outlive me.) And then there are the dealings with our post office, but more on that later.

Yeah... things just can't get any worse.

In an effort to cheer myself up during what amounted to the low point of this entire affair, I wrote the following, which I quaintly refer to as "The Suicide Note." For your enjoyment, it reads thus:

Okay, God, you win. After spending the last few years denouncing your existence, I'm ready to change my tune. I'm ready to take back all of those bad things I said about you, yer son, and whoever else in yer celestial entourage I may have defamed with my feeble-minded codswallow.

How could I have ever doubted the existence of a cosmic entity that created—and has since reigned over—this wretched animal known as mankind? Was I blinded by the belief that I was the maker of my own destiny? Was I lured off the path of righteousness by the atheists and the skeptics and the literates who saw Christianity as nothing more than a tool to control and repress the masses? Was I simply being a stubborn, petulant child who refused to hear what Daddy was trying to teach him, to instill in him, having decided to instead make his own rules, because he had the means to do so? Whatever the reason, I admit defeat. God is not dead.

In my mind, God is no longer a figment of the masses' microcephalic-ridden imagination. In retrospect, I don't know how I could have doubted the existence of such an omnipotent entity like yourself. Who else in all of history could be so sadistic, so downright cruel, as to ensure the destruction of those who strive to better themselves and their situations, whilst pandering to the abacinated sheep that cling to his every bloodstained word? I'm starting to get the feeling that I'm yer favorite boy toy; as I'm getting it up the ass down here by your meat by-product automatons, you're up there jerkin' yourself into a frenzy, giving Heaven that illustrious pearly sheen it's become so famous for. One could say

See Up From the Depths
Continued on page 44

SCOTT'S VIDEO VAULT

by Scott Stine (with additional commentary by Michael von Sacher/Masoch)

In case you haven't figured it out this far into the magazine, this issue is devoted entirely to *Of Scratch and his* earthly minions, as seen through the eyes of the hedonistic 70s. The body of films reviewed herein is not a complete list of such films, although I included as many as I could get my grubby little hands on in such short notice. My intentions were to simply gather as many productions that would show the broad range of films that fit the established criteria. All, in some way, use either Satan or Satanism (although some prefer the term "devil worshipping") as its focal point. I tried to avoid films that focused on non-western representations of the subject, otherwise I would have run out of space trying to give attention to every "devil god" or pagan cult that has ever made it to the silver screen. And—as I've so subtly alluded to—all of these productions were made between 1970 to 1979. By the end of the seventies, the conventions that marked these films were fully established. Whereas those films were a reflection of the decade that spawned them, later productions were merely reiterations of what had already been done, and did little to offer any insight on anything but their own ability to flog a dead horse. (As admirable as some of these floggings may have been, I decided to limit myself to the aforementioned ten-year stretch.)

Film reviews are accompanied by extensive credits and outlined accordingly:

Original title of film [Translation, if necessary] (Year of production)

Production company or, if unknown, distributor [Country of origin]

DIR = Director/s, PRO = Producer/s, SCR = Screenwriter/s, DOP = Director/s of Photography, EXP = Executive Producer/s, MFX = Make-Up Effects, SFX = Special Effects, VFX = Visual Effects, MUS = Music Composer/s, and STR = Cast (All actors are alphabetized by last name. In case of a single name—an honor usually reserved by either stunt animals or strippers—it is alphabetized thus.)

AKA = Alternate title/s [Translation, if necessary] (In case of alternate versions of the film where additional footage is added, original years of production are given here as well.)

Approximate running time; Color and/or Black & White [3-D, if applicable, or if it was—Gick!—shot on video]

NOV = Availability of movie novelization and author [Publisher]

SND = Availability of soundtrack [Record label]

VID = Availability on videocassette and title of release [Video label (and format of tape if not NTSC); printed running time of print; language of print and subtitles; widescreen letterboxing (LBX); and—if applicable—any "double-bill" or "triple-bill" features the video release may contain] (When a running time for a particular videocassette is erroneously cited on the box or label, the actual running time of the print it contains is noted in parenthesis immediately following the listed time; I have also done the same with "compressed" running times of non-NTSC formats. As a rule, I run the running time to the nearest minute. Also, RTU = Running time unknown.)

Some of the titles may also be accompanied by less technical information, including ADL = Adline/blurbs used in advertisements, PUB = Various promotional materials and publicity gimmicks used to market said film, and—for those with weak constitutions and/or a sense of ethics—I've also issued various "Warnings" as to whether a film contains scenes of animal cruelty and/or slaughterhouse footage, and autopsy footage and/or actual surgery footage. (The former two are delineated with a "X X X", and the latter by a "X X X"). Also, some credits may be followed by a footnote (that little squashed bug on a windshield icon) when further clarification is in order. And, not to forget the hardcore splatterpunk, I have issued certain films a "hardcore" rating, delineated by a "X X X" at the end of the review. These are included solely for those indiscriminate individuals who are only looking for the goriest fare, and don't want to muss around with only reasonably bloody outtings. As far as carnage is concerned, these are the crème de la crème. (It doesn't necessarily mean these films are any good, though; they're just a little nastier than what most people are accustomed to.) Oh, and if you can't figure out what "XXX" represents, you've been watching nothing but horror flicks waay too long.

Alucarda--La Hija de las Tinieblas [Alucarda--The Daughters of Darkness] (1975)

Films 75 [Mexico] and Yuma Films [Mexico]

DIR: Juan López Moctezuma

PRO: Max Gueffen and Eduardo Moreno

SCR: Alexis T. Arroyo, Juan López Moctezuma,
and Yolanda L. Moctezuma

DOP: Xavier Cruz

SFX: Abel Contreras

STR: Claudio Brook, Betty Catania, Lily Garza,
Susana Kamini, Martin Lasalle, Adriana Roel,
Tina Romero, and David Silva

AKA: Alucarda

Innocents from Hell

Sisters of Satan

Approximately 94m; Color

VID: Innocents from Hell [Neon Video; 94m]
Sisters of Satan

[Academy Home Entertainment; 94(76)m]

ADL: *They gave their souls to Hell...
but the devil wanted MORE!*

Life just doesn't get any better than this.

Yes, *more* sleazy nunfoolery, although Alucarda--La Hija de las Tinieblas sets itself apart from its peers by dwelling more on the gore than the inherent taboo-pitched sexual shenanigans that are usually prevalent in such outings. (Recovering Catholics shouldn't fret, though, as there is still ample footage of unclothed nuns gallivanting about and feeling up each other. I almost wished I had been brought up in a more religiously strict environment just so I could appreciate the taboo elements on a more profound level.) Throw in one of the more convincingly staged Black Masses put to celluloid (not that I'd know the real thing if I saw it), and you have a film that is guaranteed *not* to be approved by the Pope. (Well, not *publicly*, anyway.)

Despite its over-the-border origins, Alucarda--La Hija de las Tinieblas was filmed in English. (Not that I really miss the awful dubbing we would've most certainly been subjected to had it been recorded in Spanish; it's just nice to see the dialogue match the actors' lips for a change.) The average production values are boosted by some intense imagery (almost all crucifixion-oriented), and some industrial strength bloodshed. (Unfortunately, most of the gore and geysers of blood are relegated to the last third of the film, but it can also be argued that this actually intensifies the violence and makes it that much more effective.)

Anticristo, L' [The Anti-Christ] (1974)

Capitolina Produzioni Cinematografiche [Italy]

DIR: Alberto de Martino

PRO: Edmondo Amati



Not for the timid, or the easily offended. (Did I mention the nekkid nuns?) 222

Mike says:

Despite the possessed nuns, softcore sex, and such wonderful scenes as a nude nun rising from blood-filled coffins or priests bursting into flames, I had a problem with the film's religious leanings. Much of the film's attitude hinges on a doctor renouncing his atheistic beliefs and admitting that not only can science *not* explain everything, but that Christianity *can*. Plot device or not, I found great offense to the scriptwriter's narrow-minded propaganda.

Aside from its fundamentalist message, though, Alucarda--La Hija de las Tinieblas is well worth a look.

SCR: Gianfranco Clerici, Alberto de Martino,
and Vincenzo Mannino

DOP: Aristide Massaccesi

L'Antichristo continued...

SFX: Biamonte Cinegroup
 MUS: Ennio Morricone and Bruno Nicolai
 STR: Ernesto Colli, George Coulouris, Mel Ferrer, Remo Gironi, Carla Gravina, Arthur Kennedy, Umberto Orsini, Mario Scaccia, Anita Strindberg, and Alida Valli
 AKA: *L'Antéchrist* [*The Antichrist*]
 The Tempter
 Approximately 112m; Color
 VID: The Tempter
 [Embassy Home Entertainment; 96m]

This is one of the shittiest Exorcist rip-offs I've been forced to endure, and yours truly has been unlucky enough to have suffered through pretty much the lot of them. *L'Antichristo* *does* boast a particularly distasteful

scene involving a newly converted witch performing analingus on an indifferent goat during her first Black Mass—severely edited in the US print. Gee, I wonder why?—but this and other exploitable taboos (sacrilege, incest, etc.) aren't nearly enough to make it a film worth seeing, even for its precarious geek value.

L'Antichristo is boring exploitation fodder whose questionable highlights include poor optical effects, excremental performances, and tired shocks. (Have you figured it out yet that I really didn't enjoy this one? Sorry if I'm getting bitchy, but *you* sit through this film and try to take it in stride.)

Only for diehard fans looking for tasteless obscurities, no matter how ineffectual they may be. (Include me in this category if you must, but I fell asleep to this sucker twice. And believe you me, it didn't make for a very pleasant nightcap.)

Asylum of Satan (1971)

Studio 1 Associates, Inc. [USA]
 DIR: William B. Girdler
 PRO: J. Patrick Kelly, III
 SCR: William B. Girdler
 DOP: William L. Asman
 MPX: James C. Pickett, Jr.
 SFX: Richard Albain, Jr.
 MUS: William B. Girdler
 STR: Louis L. Bandy, Jr., Lila Boden, Carla Borelli, Liz Cherry, P.J. Childers, Don Cox, Don Dunkle, Joan Edwards, Claude Wayne Fulkerson, Pamela Gatz, Nick Jolley, Ken Jones, Lynne Kelly, Charles Kissingner, Nancy Marshall, Gary Morris, Beth Pearce, Jack Peterkin, Jim Pickett, Harry Roehrig, Sherry Steiner, Karen Stone, and Biggs Tabler
 Approximately 82m; Color
 VID: Asylum of Satan [United Home Video; 82m]
 ADL: *LOVE SLAVES OF SATAN TORTURED TO BLOOD-DRIPPING DEATH*

A young woman wakes up to find herself incarcerated in a sanitarium run by the tyrannical Dr. Spectre (Dr. Spektor?) and his bushy, glue-on goatee. (I wonder if Gold Key Comics ever sued?) Except for three others interred there (one blind, one mute, one confined to a wheelchair), all of the "patients" wear white robes with hoods, and are also wheelchair-bound. The woman's fiancée is having a hell of a time convincing the authorities that his wife-to-be is incarcerated there against her will, and without any just cause. Meanwhile, the four patients who insist on breaking the facility's strict dress codes are discovering that things are a little "amiss" in Dr. Spectre establishment.

This droll, lifeless "shocker" was the directorial debut of William Girdler, the man who went on to make a handful of pleasant 70s exploitationers (Three on a Meathook and Abby, 1973 and 1974 respectively), a couple of nature's revenge films (Grizzly and Day of the Animals, 1976, 1977) and the wildly contrived Graham Masterton adaptation *The Manitou* (1978). *Asylum of Satan*, though, belies a lack of professionalism, offering much in the way of abysmal production values, inept acting, and the like. (This film displays some wonderful first-grade level special effects, including what has got to be the worst papier-mâché devil make-up to ever grace the silver screen, and rubber insects pulled by very visible wires.) *Asylum of Satan* also boasts a nurse who is obviously a guy in drag, and weird goings-on that would be considered "surreal" had they any artistic merit; instead, they are simply silly and contrived.

Be warned: The video box proclaims "axe-chopped bodies" and "explicit horror;" at best, this low point in 70s horror offers little more than a smattering of mild, PG-rated gore.

Asylum of Satan is the cinematic equivalent of chronic halitosis; if this warning doesn't keep you at bay, then yer taste buds are entirely shot.

Mike says:

This is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the hokiest movie I've seen dealing with Satanism, mostly due to its extremely small budget. The special effects consist of rubber insects—as well as snakes with overly large fangs—being pulled by strings, and a devil outfit that falls somewhere between god awful and downright hilarious. Gore effects are similarly cheap (rubber body parts, mostly) with the exception of a rather nice looking

Asylum of Satan *continued...*

zombie that probably didn't need to be in the movie in the first place.

Sound effects hamper things as well, as an effect used on the devil's voice makes it impossible to understand what he's saying.

I did, however, like the idea that the asylum

exists simultaneously in two time periods. The Satanic invocation was also nicely done; this, and the fact that real Baphomets were used (instead of the handmade ones we usually see) would lead me to believe that someone actually read the Satanic Bible before working on this film.

Awful, but strangely compelling.

Beast of the Yellow Night (1971)

Four Associates Ltd. [Philippines/USA]

DIR: Eddie Romero

PRO: John Ashley and Eddie Romero

SCR: Eddie Romero

DOP: Justo Paulino

EXP: David J. Cohen and Beverly Miller

SFX: Teofilo Hilario

MUS: Nestor Robles

STR: John Ashley, Carpi Asturias, Andres Centenera, Crisalda, Vic Diaz, Eddie Garcia, Jose Garcia, Ruben Gastia, Joonee Gabboa, Don Liaman, Johnny Long, Peter Magurean, Ken Metcalfe, Nora Nunez, Jose Roy, Jr., Leopoldo Salcedo, James Spencer, and Mary Wilcox

AKA: Beast

Approximately 87m; Color

VID: Beast [Delta Video (PAL); 90(87)m]

Beast of the Yellow Night [Cult Video; 80m]

Beast of the Yellow Night

[Edde Entertainment; 87m]

Beast of the Yellow Night

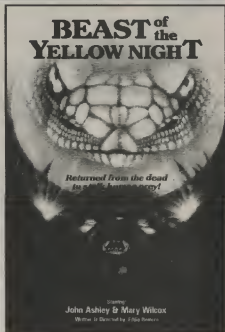
[United Home Video; 87m]

ADL: *Returned from the dead to stalk human prey!*

A criminal's life is spared by the devil himself, in exchange for—What else?—his soul. Part of the package, though, is a curious side effect whereupon our anti-hero turns into a crusty-faced monster and feeds upon some of the other islanders. Sound like a sure bet for a trashy horror film? You bet.

Despite some mild racism and horrendously bad make-up (both of which are pretty typical of a Filipino horror film), this is a fairly ambitious effort considering those involved. (Being another John Ashley vehicle helmed by the not-so-illustrious Eddie Romero, you would assume it to be a *lot* worse than it really is.)

Not only are the production values a cut or two above the usual, *Beast of the Yellow Night* boasts a reasonably original and thought-provoking screenplay. (Of course, the script often falters into low-rent melodrama; when asked a simple "Who are you?", Ashley replies "As far as you're concerned, I am, and can only be, whoever or whatever you think I am." Whatever you say, John.) Ashley, a Naschy-inspired



anti-hero, gets to overstep what is usually required of him in Romero's films, namely seducing young native girls and destroying whatever cut-rate monster is on the rampage. (If only because he *is* the cut-rate monster on the rampage.) Like Naschy's "El Hombre Lobo", the angst is laid on pretty thick; unfortunately, though, he doesn't quite have the chops to back it up. Still, he's just so damn cool... it's almost stifling.

The gore is fairly extreme, and not bad considering the usual level of competence in Romero's flicks. Still, *Beast of the Yellow Night* will probably only appeal to those viewers who have already been stricken by the Philippines' native charms.

Beast of the Yellow Night *continued...*

Mike says:

Call me stupid, but the plot of this one is well above me. In it, a rubber snake turns into Satan (who just happens to be Filipino) then saves a dying man by turning him into John Ashley. (*Michael... knowing your love for the man, I'm surprised you didn't say this was a fate worse than death.* The Editor.) To make things worse, he also turns into a werewolf, the reason for this also beyond me.

Anyway, the gore effects consist mostly of chunks of raw meat placed on top of the actors; some of the after-the-fact gore is nicely done, but is inconsistent

with the action. (I.e. the werewolf punches someone, then is shown with severe claw damage.) There is only one transformation scene (saved until the end of the movie), which is about as good as could be expected from a film with a budget as low as this one. There is some nudity and softcore sex, but it is awkward and seemingly added to make Beast of the Yellow Night more palatable.

Worst of all, John Ashley learned nothing from Paul Naschy's "El Hombre Lobo;" not once does he drool, as every self-respecting werewolf should. So, my advice is to just skip Beast of the Yellow Night altogether and watch any of the "El Hombre Lobo" films instead.

Blood Orgy of the She-Devils (1973)

Gemini [USA]

DIR: Ted V. Mikel

PRO: Ted V. Mikel

SCR: Ted V. Mikel

DOP: Anthony Salinas

SFX: Lee James

VFX: Van der Veer Photo

MUS: Carl Zittler

STR: William Bagdad, Vincent Barbi, Dallas Beardsley, Annik Borel, Erica Campbell, Chris Capen, Brett Mariott, Curt Matson, Lillian McBride, Leslie McCrae, Ray Myles, John Nicolai, Tom Pace, John Ricco, Sam Scar, Sean Shannanday, Lister Shaw, Kim Sudol, Augie Treibach, Sherri Vernon, George Wilhelm, John Willard, Paul Wilmoth, and Lila Zaborin

Approximately 73m; Color

VID: Blood Orgy of the She-Devils

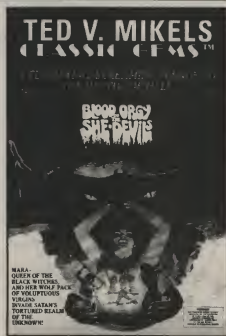
[Western World Video; 73m]

Female Plasma Suckers

[Southwest Video Distribution; 95(73)m]

A leader of a cannibalistic, go-go dancing coven is offered thirty-thousand bucks to kill a rival gang's boss, but after all is said and done, they pay her (and two of her followers) for her troubles with a chest full of lead. The murdered witch is reincarnated as a black cat, while her two servants have to settle with coming back as zombies. During all of this, an easily swayed skeptic and his girlfriend consult an "expert". While these three babble on endlessly about the validity of paranormal claims throughout history, the witch is all over the place kicking ass.

With Blood Orgy of the She-Devils, we are not so graciously treated to a fair share of unconvincing hooky-pooky (during one seance, the lead witch channels an American Indian guru who never got past Hollywood-style Pidgin English 101), a cheesy electronic



score, lots of "psychedelic" optical effects, and a gaggle of unemployed go-go dancers strutting their tired stuff. And to cap it all off, we're treated to a finale that is reminiscent of when Allen Ginsberg and some of his less-than-bright hippie-yippie cronies tried to levitate the Pentagon.

Blood Orgy of the She-Devils continued...

Surprisingly, a number of sources cite this film as a virtual gorefest, but—save for the wonderfully contrived title—there is absolutely nothing contained herein that would garner this film anything more than a PG rating. The viewer is offered a brief glimpse of a mannequin leg cooking over an open fire, and some lame witch burning/torture dungeon flashbacks, but nothing that could be deemed “gratuitous.” (The print I saw *may* have been trimmed of its finer points, but I wouldn't lay any bets on it. More than likely, none of these critics ever got past the first fifteen minutes. Christ, I had a hard time sitting through it in its entirety, and I like Mikels' films.)

As could be expected from a Ted V. Mikels film, *Blood Orgy of the She-Devils*, well, sucks... but—in this case, anyway—not enough to make it watchable. Production values are a step up from *Astro-Zombies*

(1968) and *The Corpse Grinders* (1971), but it lacks most of the inept charm and outrageous contrivances that makes these earlier films worth owning. (Sometimes “better” isn't.)

Mike says:

Blood Orgy of the She-Devils (which I saw under the misleading title of *Female Plasma Suckers*) is an okay witchcraft flick that I recommend despite its many faults. The plot itself is interesting enough, but scenes like the Salem witch trial flashbacks (villagers decked out in late 60s/early 70s fashions dragging a witch up some stone steps that sound awfully wooden) detract from this. (The cheesy lighting and LSD-inspired special effects don't help either.) Worst of all, there is no plasma sucking. None, zip, zilch. If you're going to retitile a film *Female Plasma Suckers*, make sure there's some plasma sucking in it for Christ's sake.

Casa dell'Exorcismo, La [The House of Exorcism] (1972/1975)

Leone International Films, Inc.

[Italy/Spain/W. Germany]

DIR: Mario Bava and Alfredo Leone

PRO: Alfredo Leone

SCR: Mario Bava, Alberto Cittini, and Alfredo Leone

DOP: Cecilio Paniagua

SFX: Franco Tocci

MUS: Carlo Savina

STR: Robert Aldo, Eduardo Fajardo, Silvia Koscina, Kathy Leone, Alessio Orano, Spartaco Santoni, Telly Savalas, Carmen Silva, Elke Sommer, Gabriele Tinti, Alida Valli, and Franz von Treuberg

AKA: *Devil in the House of Exorcism*

Approximately 91m; Color

VID: *Devil in the House of Exorcism*

[Cinemagreats; 91m]

The House of Exorcism [Alpha Video; 93(84)m]

A woman (Elke Sommer) vacationing in Italy comes across an antique store and face to face with Telly Savalas, whose countenance is the same of a devil she saw on a fresco earlier that day. (Starting to sound familiar yet?) After making her way back to her tour group, she is overcome by convulsions. With the assistance of a priest, she is rushed to the nearest hospital, and before you can say “Split pea soup, anyone?” she's locked in a room to perfect her best Linda Blair schtick. While “under the influence,” Ms. Sommer is drawn into either a dream or Hell itself, which one we're never quite certain, wherein she is brought to an isolated castle to be harassed by butler Savalas and his Luciferian master.



You don't have to be an aficionado of Bava's work to know that something is horribly amiss with this

La Casa dell'Exorcismo continued...

patchwork production. Apparently, producer Leone did not think Bava's sordid gothic thriller *Lisa e il Diavolo* would do very well in the wake of *The Exorcist*, so he lensed additional footage that would help to cash in on the current craze. Most of Bava's footage was relegated to the dream/Hell sequences, and brought to the fore was the new footage depicting Sommer's toad-spewing, epithet tossing antics. (Somebody get this woman some chapstick. Jeez.) This hodgepodge was then seamed

together as ineptly as possible, turning a competent chiller into a completely incoherent mess. (Bava was none too happy about Leone butchering his film for the foreign markets, and insisted on the "Mickey Lion" directorial pseudonym, and had his name removed from the screenwriting credits altogether.) Mario's son Lamberto Bava (Démoni) was assistant director.

If you get the chance, it's almost worth comparing the two productions just to see what damage was done. (Call it video rubbernecking, if you will.)

Chi Sei? [Who Is It?] (1974)

A-Erre Cinematografica [Italy] and Film Ventures International [USA]

DIR: Ovidio Gabriele Assonitis

PRO: Ovidio Gabriele Assonitis and Giorgio C. Rossi

SCR: Ovidio Gabriele Assonitis, Aldo Crudo, Giorgio Marini, Roberto d'Ettore Piazzoli, and Antonio Troisio

DOP: Roberto d'Ettore Piazzoli

SFX: Donn Davison and Wally Gentleman

MUS: Franco Micalizzi

STR: Joan Acti, David Colin, Jr., David Curtis, Vittorio Fanfoni, Barbara Fiorini, Richard Johnson, Gabriele Lavia, Carla Mancini, Juliet Mills, Nino Segurini, and Elisabeth Turner

AKA: Beyond the Door
The Devil Within Her
Endemonia [Possessed]

Approximately 110m; Color

VID: Beyond the Door
[Media Home Entertainment; 97(99)m]

A pregnant woman is visited by the ghost of a man she had been having an extramarital affair with, and subsequently starts showing all of the signs of a troubled pregnancy. (Le. potty mouth, vomiting split pea soup, levitation, spinning her head 360° at the drop of a pin, not to mention some really funky trick she does

with her eye—by far the most shocking thing in the whole dang film.) Her family isn't too happy about the hooky-pooky goings-on, but, oh, well, that's life.

Granted, much was probably lost in the translation, but I can't imagine this film being good in any incarnation. Surprisingly, *Chi Sei?* Did have a fair amount of success in the states as *Beyond the Door*, but probably only because it was the first of the Exorcist rip-offs to ride the wave created by Friedkin's infamous possession film. (Okay, so maybe some of the shocks got a reaction out of me when I saw it on TV as a wee lad, but now, the most shocking thing—aside from the funky eye thing I mentioned earlier—is where the possessed woman picks up a discarded banana peel off of the sidewalk and eats it. Didn't her parents teach her better than that? Sheesh...)

Technically, the film is barely competent, employing every cheesy effect in the book (as obviously no one had any talent to generate any *real* suspense), and passing off a bunch of distracting freeze frames as innovative filmmaking.

Unless the original Italian version has some surprises of which I'm unaware (a possibility considering the difference of about eleven minutes), there is no gore, so don't get yer hopes up.

So... I wonder if Juliet Mills has that funky eye thing trademarked. Hmm...

Daughters of Satan (1972)

United Artists Corporation [Philippines/US]

DIR: Hollingsworth Morse

PRO: Aubrey Schenck

SCR: Nonong Rasca

MUS: Richard la Salle

STR: Vic Diaz, Barra Grant, Bobby Greenwood, Tani Phelps Guthrie, Gina Laforzeza, Paraluman, Chito Reyes, Ben Rubio, Paquito Salcedo, Tom Selleck, and Vic Silayan

Approximately 90m; Color

VID: Daughters of Satan
[Wood Knapp Video; 96(90)m]

The promising opening dishes up a half-nude victim being whipped while hung over some painfully sharp stakes by a Satanic cult going about there business in a cave. With the props out of the way, the film then decides to take a breather and introduce an antique dealer (Magnum P.I.'s Tom Selleck) who—while in Manila—stumbles across a painting from the early 1600s that depicts a colonial witch burning. Interestingly enough, the aforementioned witch bears an uncanny resemblance to his very own wife. Curiosity piqued, he purchases it and takes it home—much to his wife's chagrin—and before too long, several elements from the

Daughters of Satan *continued...*

painting seem to be crossing the threshold from art to real life.

This Filipino co-production suffers considerably because it shies away from bloodshed and other horrific elements that would have kept this exploitation flick from being little more than low-key spook show fare. (Granted, the gratuitous nudity it proudly puts on display doesn't hurt the film, but it's not nearly enough to keep most trash fiends from sawing logs during the

proceedings.) Eddie Romero regular Vic Diaz shows up sporting a funky do, but—alas—he didn't have the means to drag John Ashley along with him. (Ashley in short pursuit of a chlorophyll monster or some such nonsense would've done this film wonders, believe you me. Even Michael would have to agree with me here.)

Directed by, believe it or not, the same man who helmed the Sid and Marty Krofft theatrical feature-length film *Pufnstuf* (1970), based—of course—on their popular TV series *H.R. Pufnstuf*.

Demon Lover, The (1976)

Wolf Lore Cinema Ltd. [USA]

DIR: Donald G. Jackson and Jerry Younkins

PRO: Donald G. Jackson and Jerry Younkins

SCR: Donald G. Jackson and Jerry Younkins

DOP: Donald G. Jackson

EXP: Bob Russell

SFX: Robert Skotak

MFX: Robert Skotak

MUS: Don Gutz and Jerry Skolasinski

STR: Richard C. Acker III, Kevin Baetz, Sonny Bell, Susan Bullen, Richard Clark, Linda Conrad, Michael Deneka, Frank Dobrowski, Robert Dresser, Thomas Fehr, Ralph Fogarty, Phil Foreman, Gunnar Hansen, Ron Hiveley, David Howard, Tom Hutton, Richard Jones, Paul Kline, Carol Lasowski, Steve Lincoln, Val Mayerick, Michael McGivern, Kyra Nash, Jan Porter, Michelle Pratt, Robert T. Pratt, William Rasmussen, C.H. Riedel, Ted Rogers, Bob Russell, Mark Smith, Michael Smith, Priscilla Southwell, The Spirit, Kathy Stewart, James Weakley, Daniel Wood, and Jerry Younkins

AKA: Ceremonia Satanica [Satanic Ceremony]

Coven

Full Moon

The Devil Master

Approximately 72m; Color

VID: Ceremonia Satanica

[Hispanic; 92(68)m; In Spanish]*

Coven [BFI; 80(71)m]

The Demon Lover [Unicorn Video; 87(72)m]

The Devil Master [Regal Video; 80(72)m]

ADL: *At last! The truth about demons!*

* *Hispanic's* cover erroneously cites Fred Olen Ray as the director of this film.

Co-director Jerry Younkins (hiding behind the pseudonym of "Christmas Robbins") stars as Laval Blessing, a magician who—when not summoning a bloodthirsty demon to do his bidding—spends his screen time chewing the scenery and showing off his martial arts "skills." Pissed off that the members in his part-time

AT LAST! THE TRUTH ABOUT DEMONS!



THE DEMON LOVER

IN COLOR
Written, produced, and directed by
DONALD G. JACKSON/JERRY YOUNKINS
Distributed by UNICORN VIDEO, INC.

coven have written him off as a deluded lunatic, he goes about exacting revenge utilizing the services of the aforementioned devil. (As well as some pretty sad martial arts moves, gratuitous as they are ineffectual.)

Essentially, a bunch of film and comic book geeks got together to make a no-budget horror flick, this made evident by the names of the characters. (Let's see, surnames include Kaluta, Peckinpah, Frazetta, Ormsby, Redondo, Ackerman, Gould, Jones, Foster, Romero, Wrightson, Corben, Adams, Kirby... Christ, did they miss anybody?) Production values are—for the sake of

The Demon Lover *continued...*

argument—nonexistent; in fact, the term “fairly inept” comes to mind (especially in reference to the editing, or lack thereof), but don’t let that deter you from enjoying it. Although pretty tedious at times, *The Demon Lover* is almost enjoyable, if only because the filmmakers’ hearts were obviously in the right place. (Just try to ignore the papier-mâché demon waving around a pair of Japanese *sais*, or the gratuitous hippie dancing, or the... oh, well, who am I trying to convince, anyway? We both know it sucks, but trust me when I say that it sucks in an ingratiating way. Really.)

With Gunnar Hansen (Leatherface from The Texas Chain Saw Massacre) as a college professor (apparently squealing like a pig was too good for him by this point in his career), and comic book artist Val Mayerick as the hero. (He also supplied the very Frazetta-esque painting for the one-sheet art. If *anything* makes The Demon Lover a memorable effort...)

Mike says:

The Demon Lover qualifies as "so bad it's good" thanks to such things as untalented hippie actors attempting to come off as intellectuals, inept camerawork, and an aspiring comedian—looking like the late Frank Zappa—who has got to be the worst comic relief I've seen in a film. There's also a pointless martial arts scene to showcase the lead actor's "abilities," and Gunnar Hansen proving once again that Leatherface was by far the best role he'd ever get. The demon himself does look pretty good considering the film's budget, but—horror of all horrors—there is no gore except for some after the fact bloodshed.

As far as the Satanic ritual aspect is concerned, it seems to me that the directors/screenwriters simply grabbed a couple of books at the local library (the wrong ones) and thus considered themselves well read on the subject.

Devil's Rain, The (1975)

Bryanston Distributors Inc. [USA]

DIR: Robert Fuest

PRO: James V. Cullen and Michael S. Glick

SCR: James Ashton, Gabe Escoe, and Gerald Hopman

DOP: Alex Phillips, Jr.

EXP: Sandy Howard

SFX: Frederico Farfan, Thomas Fisher, Carol Wenger,
and Cliff Wenger

MEX: The Burman's Studio

MUS: Al de Lory

STR: Eddie Albert, Ernest Borgnine, Claudio Brook, Erika Carlson, Woodrow Chambliss, Tony Cortez, Anton Szandor LaVey, Diane LaVey, Ida Lupino, Joan Prather, George Sawaya, William Shatner, Tom Skerritt, Lisa Todd, John Travolta, Robert Wallace, and Keenan Wynn

Approximately 86m; Color

VID: The Devil's Rain [United Home Video: 85(86)m]

ADL: *Heaven help us all when THE DEVIL'S RAIN!*

A family in possession of an ancient book is persecuted by a Satanic cult who resides in a ghost town in the middle of the desert. When one of two sons fails in ironing things out, his city slicker brother comes to the rescue, aided by two parapsychologists.

The Devil's Rain wastes no time in cutting to the quick, keeping up the pace reasonably well thanks to an unconventional script and some wonderful performances. Tom Skerrit (Alien) makes for a decent lead, but Borgnine as Corbus, the cult's leader, gives the film an edge. (Even Shatner as a man confronting his own faith is fairly enjoyable, probably because he isn't given a chance to exercise his patented dramatic pauses.) Also in

Heaven help us all when
THE DEVIL'S RAIN!



THE MOST INCREDIBLE ENDING OF ANY MOTION PICTURE EVER

[illegible]

The Devil's Rain *continued...*

small cameos are Anton Szandor LaVey, the founder of the Church of Satan, and his wife Diane as a devil-worshipping priest and priestess. (Anton also acted as "Technical Advisor", although it looks like they probably brought him on board only once the production was under way.) This is also the earliest screen appearance of John Travolta; even though his role is much bigger than Dr. LaVey's, Travolta's contribution is barely worth mentioning.

Production values are pretty basic, and—on the whole—the film is nothing more than an adequately made shocker. Of course, the best reason to catch this flick is for the grossest meltdowns ever committed to celluloid. (It is absolutely amazing what they were able to accomplish considering the obvious lack of budget. Furthermore, one can say that the effects herein helped lay the groundwork for such films as *The Incredible Melting Man*—and even *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—in their depiction of similarly staged deaths.) Although the film is, for the sake of argument, not really a gore film, this finale—a spectacle unto itself—earns it a place in splatter film history.

Mike says:

I recommend this movie not because it's an exemplary supernatural thriller (which it isn't) but more

for its dated charm which can be attributed to a number of things. First, the cast appears to be having fun hamming it up for the camera. (Not the least of which being William Shatner.) The Devil's Rain also boasts some amazing special effects that were ahead of their time, including not only innumerable melting bodies, but some realistic devil make-up for Ernest Borgnine, whose performance is almost as convincing as his make-up. (The special effects aren't perfect, though, especially when it comes to the close-ups of the Satanic parishioners, with pieces of black felt over their eyes and some lousy make-up holding it in place.)

Last but not least, the film benefited from the presence of Dr. Anton LaVey, who not only worked on the ritual aspects of the film, but designed some of the props as well. Unfortunately, he was brought late into production; many of the props already purchased for the film had to be used even though they weren't quite up to the Church of Satan's standards (in particular, the altar) but were still better than what was found in most films that exploited the subject.

Speaking of LaVey, he and his then-wife Diane have bit parts in *The Devil's Rain* as well. Dr. LaVey, boasting the most lines I've seen him utter in a mainstream film (i.e. "It has."), secured for himself a role for which he could truly be proud. (John Travolta didn't fare much better, his screen time rivaling that of Dr. LaVey's.)

Disciple of Death (1972)

Chromage Productions Ltd. [UK]

DIR: Tom Parkinson

PRO: Churton Fairman and Tom Parkinson

SCR: Churton Fairman and Tom Parkinson

DOP: William Brayne

MUS: Johanne Sebastian Bach

STR: Betty Alberge, Nicholas Amer, George Belbin, Stephen Bradley, Daisika, Joe Dunlop, Rusty Goffe, Marguerite Hardiman, Louise Jameson, Ronald Lacey, Mike Raven, and Virginia Wetherell

Approximately 82m; Color

VID: Disciple of Death [Unicorn Video; 90(82)m]

Two young lovers accidentally revive a devil worshipper dead for fifty years. With his sights set on the girl, he spends his off hours sacrificing and zombifying the village maidens. An overzealous parson and the girl's desperate boyfriend enlist the aid of an absent-minded Jewish alchemist to defeat the bloodthirsty count. ("This is none of your Christian shmutas... this is your kosher Yiddish magic!" he exclaims at one point.)

Not only is this a fairly clumsy attempt to repeat the success of Hammer's period offerings, it's a clumsy attempt at a horror film altogether. (The lackluster production values somehow make it look more like US trash than the British fare it tries to emulate.) *Disciple of Death* is ultimately worse than what one is initially lead to believe, as the filmmakers had difficulty covering up their ineptitude as the film progressed. (This may be what lead to the decision to begin hamming it up halfway through, as the aforementioned Yiddish sorcerer will clearly attest.) Distracting close-ups, stilted dialogue, tacky stop-motion photography, an anticlimactic finale, and a conjured devil (a dwarf sans make-up save for a pair of cheap plastic fangs) all help to contribute to this abysmal shocker. There is some gore, but this is relegated to some *guignol*-inspired scenes of hearts being removed from the sacrificial virgins.

The film's single high point is Mike Raven (a poor man's Christopher Lee who starred in Hammer's *Lust for a Vampire* two years earlier). Although not a great actor by any means, what charisma the man boasts is hopelessly lost amidst the hackneyed scriptwriting. If

Disciple of Death continued...

he had been thinking about a career, *Disciple of Death* probably put a kibosh on any chance he had of establishing one.

After an hour and a half of this, I was beginning to look like one of Raven's pasty faced ghouls as well, so approach at your own risk.

Mike says:

This is a strange movie, starting out as a serious period piece (heavy on mood and atmosphere), seemingly an ode to the Hammer films. Halfway through, it turns into something of a comedy—which is a detriment because the film is simply not very funny. There is some tame gore, and the special effects are pretty cheesy, consisting mostly of bad stop-motion photography. (In particular is a magic duel between the heroes and the devil—played by a dwarf—that should either have been rewritten or left out altogether.)

On the plus side is the film's only real comic relief—a Jewish sorcerer—as slight as it may have been. Surprisingly, the villain—a Satanist—is very much like what modern-day Satanists aspire to (save for his penchant for human sacrifice) as he's noble, intelligent, has a sharp wit, is romantic, etc. (In many ways, he very much reminds me of Anton LaVey. With hair.) Also worth noting is that the Baphomet—a symbol first used by the Knights Templar to represent Satan, and later adapted by the Church of Satan—is actually rendered correctly for a change. Unfortunately, though, the ending is quite predictable, with "good" (Christianity) triumphing over "evil" (Satanism).



For me, *Disciple of Death* has just enough going for it to make it interesting.

Holocaust 2000 (1977)

Ascon Films Ltd. [Italy] and Embassy Productions [UK]

DIR: Alberto de Martino

PRO: Edmondo Amati

SCR: Alberto de Martino, Sergio Donati,
and Michael Robson

DOP: Erico Menczer

EXP: Edmondo Amati

MUS: Ennio Morricone

STR: John Bancroft, Agostina Belli, John Carlin,
Adolfo Celi, Peter Cellier, Richard Cornish,
Joanne Dainton, Kirk Douglas, Spiros Focas,
Massimo Foschi, Ivo Garrani, Gerald Hely, Alan
Hendricks, Caroline Horner, Penelope Horner,
Geoffrey Keen, Alexander Knox, Denis Lawson,
Virginia McKenna, Anthony Quayle, Jenny
Twigg, Romolo Valli, and Simon Ward

AKA: The Chosen
Inferno 2000

AKA: Rain of Fire

Approximately 102m; Color

NOV: Holocaust 2000 by Michael Robson
[Sphere Books]

VID: Holocaust 2000 [Vestron Video; 101(102)m]

ADL: More ominous than *"The Incubus"*... More
startling than *"The Omen"*... More horrifying
than *"The Exorcist"*... He has arrived. The End
is near.

Kirk Douglas stars as a man who has spent ten years developing a thermonuclear plant that would give power to numerable third world nations. Many people aren't too keen of the idea, including—ultimately—his wife, who just so happens to be a major stockholder in the company. When she decides to put the kibosh on the project, she is "accidentally" killed in an assassination attempt that was intended for her hubby. Following the

Holocaust 2000 *continued...*

murder, father and son take the reigns, but dear old dad soon learns there's some forces guiding the project of which he wasn't previously aware.

Holocaust 2000 is, by far, the best of the films that sought to ride The Omen's coattails. The cast is strong, and the story engaging, even though there is little in the way of surprises. Although not a gorefest, there are a few nasty scenes, the peak being where a third world prime minister has his term of office cut short by a stray helicopter blade. (Surpassing a similar execution in Dawn of the Dead, this is by far the most disturbing death scene of its type. Splatterpunks are guaranteed to rewatch it several times, even checking out the effects in slo-mo, if their VCR is capable of it.)

The film does have a few weaknesses, not the least of which being how the scriptwriters handled the anti-nuclear message. (C'mon, people, put down the bullhorn; sometimes being a little *subtler* is much more effective in getting your point across. Sometimes, anyway.) There is also a tacky, gratuitous dream sequence that should have been left on the cutting room floor, and the finale seems a bit too abrupt, thus very unsatisfying. But, these are minor quibbles indeed.

It's hard to believe that filmmaker Alberto de Martino—the man behind such competent genre films as

this and Extrasensorial (1983) aka Blood Link—was also responsible for such dreck as L'Uomo Puma [The Puma Man] (1980) and Miami Golem (1985). (Oh, and, lest we forget, what has to be one of the *worst* Exorcist clones ever conceived, L'Antichristo [The Antichrist] (1974), also reviewed this issue. Lucky me.)

Mike says:

This biblically-inspired horror yarn is a mixed blessing. Kirk Douglas is in top form, and what gore there is is very effective. On the downside, the script—which interprets the Book of Revelation in ways no other film ever has—tries to be intellectual, but ends up being completely laughable. Although Holocaust 2000 isn't nearly as inept as The Seventh Sign, which also takes artistic license with the same source material, it still tends to drag. (Not to mention its forced subplots, one being Douglas' wife who—after becoming pregnant—refuses to step inside a church, a ploy by the scriptwriters to convince you that her baby is the antichrist. As we all know, the church is the devil's kryptonite.)

With a few cuts (with regards to the brief gore and nudity), Holocaust 2000 is nothing more than a mildly amusing made-for-TV special of the week.

I Drink Your Blood (1971)

Cinematic Industries, Inc. [USA]

DIR: David E. Durston

PRO: Jerry Gross

SCR: David E. Durston

DOP: Jacques Demarecaux

MFX: Irvin Carlton

MUS: Clay Pitts

STR: Bhaskar, Richard Bowler, Iris Brooks, Bruno Damon, John Damon, Ronda Fultz, Mike Gentry, Tyde Kierney, Lynn Lowry, Alex Mann, Elizabeth Marner-Brooks, Riley Mills, George Patterson, and Jadine Wong

AKA: Bebere Tu Sangre [I Drink Your Blood]

Bebo Tu Sangre [I Drink Your Blood]

Approximately 83m; Color

VID: I Drink Your Blood [Flamingo Video; 83m]

Bubere Tu Sangre

[Gran Video; 83m; In English w/Spanish subs]

Listen up, 'cause I'm only going to give you the lowdown once (and, boy, is it low). A van full of hippie devil worshippers decides to stop off in the small town of Valley Hills, population 40, to wreak a little havoc. They beat an old veterinarian and drug him (LSD, natch.) and the geezer's grandson retaliates by injecting

rabid dog blood into the meat pies they purchase from a local bakery. Before long, they're foaming at the mouth and chopping up anyone or anything—dead or alive—that happens to be in their path. One of the girls gets gangbanged by construction workers at a nearby damn site, infecting them as well.

If you can handle the slough of animal carcasses littering the sets, than this unpleasant obscurity is a must-see for every trash fiend and 70s horror enthusiast (if you can manage to track down a copy of it, that is). There isn't anything *not* tasteless about this film; every grainy frame reeks of no-budget opportunism. (Director/scriptwriter Durston even manages to make some passing references to Manson and the Tate/la Bianca murders, still fresh in the memories of most Americans.) Even so, I Drink Your Blood manages to be fairly disturbing, and even quite shocking at times. With or without the plentiful helpings of 70s-style gore.

Picked up for distribution by Jerry Gross, the producer wanted to release it as part of a double-feature, so he dusted off an old acquisition from 1964 (namely Del Tenney's Voodoo Bloodbath), renamed this black and white shocker as I Eat Your Skin, then created one of the most memorable double-bills in film history. (C'mon... who *wouldn't* go see I Drink Your Blood and

I Drink Your Blood *continued...*

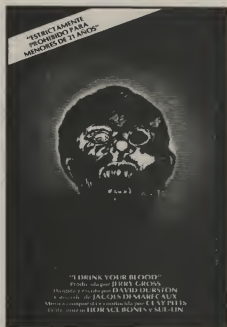
I Eat Your Skin, huh? Had I not been in preschool at the time, I assure you, I would have been there.) Filmmaker Durston went on to direct only one more film, the VD epidemic melodrama *Stigma*, made a year later and starring Philip Michael Thomas, who went on to fame in TV's *Miami Vice*.

The *Crazies*, minus any artistic merit whatsoever. (Coincidentally, it co-stars Lynn Lowry, who was not only in *that* film, but another disease-ridden shocker, namely David Cronenberg's *The Parasite Murders aka They Came from Within*.) ❖ ❖ ❖

Mike says:

Although *I Drink Your Blood* seems to be an inane, pointless exercise early on, it eventually picks up the pace when an inept child actor (as if they *all* aren't) gives a group of hippie cultists rabies. About this time, the gore kicks into overdrive as well, some of it even being quite effective. Eventually, infected individuals team up against the rest, offering more opportunities for bloodshed *ala* *The Crazies*, *The Parasite Murders*, and countless zombie flicks.

I certainly recommend this film, if only to see people with shaving cream on their faces exhibiting the funniest fear reactions to water I've seen. (However, scenes of animal killing and dead animals in general being dragged around by the infected actors are not so welcome.) *I Drink Your Blood* is also extremely educational, as the viewer learns more about rabies than they probably ever wanted to know. (As if rabies wasn't bad enough on its own, mixing it with LSD proves to be even more problematic.) And – thanks to the unwashed



cultists—you learn such tidbits of esoteric wisdom as “Satan was an acid head,” so you *know* this movie’s got to be good.

Inquisición [Inquisition] (1976)

Ancla Century Films [Spain] and Anubis Films [Spain]

DIR: Jacinto Molina Alvarez

PRO: Roberto P. Moreno

SCR: Jacinto Molina Alvarez

DOP: Miguel F. Milá

EXP: Martínez de Azcoitia

SFX: Pablos Pérez

MUS: Máximo Baratas

STR: Tota Alba, Jacinto Molina Alvarez, Eduardo Calvo, Antonio Casas, Belen Cristino, Juan Luis Galiardo, Daniela Giordano, Antonio Iranzo, Tony Isbert, Eva León, Isabel Luque, Ricardo Merino, Jenny O'Neill, Mónica Randall, María Salerno, Julia Saly, and Loretta Tovar

Approximately 94m; Color

VID: Inquisition [Video City Productions; 90m]

ADL: INHUMAN BESTIALITY! UNSPEAKABLE TORTURES! SHAMELESS BRUTALITY!

Made a little late in the game, this entry in the inquisition/witchburning subgenre is completely derivative, offering nothing new except the contribution of Spanish horror actor Paul Naschy (*né* Jacinto Molina Alvarez). Here, Naschy plays a judge who falls for the wiles of a young woman who, although not a witch at the onset, joins a coven, selling her soul to the devil. Predictably, the corrupt official is burnt at the stake for the selfsame crimes he had accused innumerable innocents of.

As could be ascertained, the story is inconsequential; everything in the film revolves around the scenes of nude women being tortured so as to obtain false confessions. (Although gore is sparse, there is one unnerving scene involving nipple torture that is sure to make even the more hardened splatterpunks flinch. I did.) Unlike many similar films, Naschy (who also wrote and directed this film) does introduce real supernatural

Inquisición continued...

elements into the mix, offering one of the most abysmally staged black masses on record, and a charming—albeit horribly made up—goat-faced devil who oversees the aforementioned proceedings. Production values are typical of Spanish horror of the time, so—like everything else about the picture—pretty innocuous.

For torture freaks and Naschy aficionados only.

Mike says:

This is a fairly standard period piece that suffers from the fact that if you've seen one film about the inquisition, you've seen them all. This film does make it clear that the "witches" were actually set-up by children upset at their parents, or spouses seeking a quick divorce, and that the inquisition was too stupid or too bloodthirsty to care if such serious accusations were well-founded.

Inquisition also shows a Sabbat, a festival where witches and warlocks are supposedly gathered to celebrate, gluttonously partaking in food, wine and sex, with the proceedings overseen by the devil himself. Unfortunately, this movie makes the event seem rather boring, with no orgy, only a sensible dinner, and with the participants sitting around and staring at the devil, who looks as bored as everyone else.

The make-up artists tried to make the devil resemble the Goat of Mendes (as originally depicted by Eliphas Levi), but needed more time and money at their disposal to pull it off. Otherwise, there are some good



performances, and plenty of full frontal nudity, but nothing to make it stand out from the rest.

Magdalena--Von Teufel Bessessen (Magdalena--Possessed by the Devil) (1974)

TV13 [West Germany]

DIR: Michael Walter

PRO: Josef Hadrawa

SCR: Jean Christian Aurive

DOP: Ernst W. Kalinke

MUS: Hans M. Majewski

STR: Werner Bruhns, Günter Clemens, Karl Walter Diess, Dagmar Hedrich, Michael Hinz, Eva Kinsky, Petra Peters, Ursula Reith, Rudolf Schundler, Peter Martin Urtel, and Elizabeth Volkmann

AKA: Beyond the Darkness

The Devil's Female

Magdalena and the Evil

Approximately 83m; Color

VID: The Devil's Female [CIC; 84(83)m]

ADL: *What evil power FORCES a young school girl to SCREAM OBSCENITIES... COMMIT UNSPEAKABLE ACTS... EVEN MURDER?* (I don't know... school? The Editor.)

A clown-haired prostitute ("For that stinkin' amount I wouldn't even let you *smell* it!") discovers the body of an old man, crucified in the street, with a claw-shaped mark on his forehead. Before long, his granddaughter makes a scene at a party, doing the herky-jerky and spitting up Gavison. (Everyone seems much more interested in a fly than her antics, and when they do pay her some notice, someone suggests that they simply get her a tranquilizer.) Things go from bad to worse: The young girl comes down with a bad case of potty mouth, all the while the other students in the boarding school are besieged by flying furniture. They hook her up to a thingamajig for an electrocephalogram. (Apparently, the film's prop people were unaware that a showerhead still looks like a showerhead no matter how many telephone wires one attaches to it.) A psychiatrist then tallies up the results and chalks her rather odd behavior up to (Got a pen and paper handy?) hysteria, manic-depressive psychosis, schizophrenia and split personality, epilepsy, etc. etc. etc. (Just covering all of

Magdalena—Von Teufel Bessessen *continued...*

their bases, I guess. Either that, or the scriptwriter wanted to put his college psych textbook to good use.)

This has got to be one of the sleaziest, most gratuitous Exorcist clones to make the rounds. Magdalena spends much of her screen time groping herself, except when she's coughing up snakes in the best Asian tradition. (The film also features one of the

earliest onscreen abuses of silicone, although the results are still within reason.) Personally, I think someone should just give the girl a hula hoop, fer cryin' out loud; she's got the motion going for most of the film, and it would have saved the cast from trying to keep her amused for ninety minutes.

It ain't good, by any stretch, but at least it's entertaining. ❧❧❧

Nightmare Never Ends, The (1980)

Yeaman, Yordan & Hale Productions [USA]

DIR: Philip Marshak, Tom McGowan, and Greg Tallas

PRO: Darryl A. Marshak

SCR: Philip Yordan

DOP: Art Fitzsimmons and Bruce Markoe

EXP: Stanford Hale and Carl Newell

SFX: Martin L. Dorf

MFX: Martin L. Dorf

VFX: Anthony Dublin and William R. Stromberg

MUS: Steven Arthur Yeaman and Casey Young

STR: Robert Bristol, Richard Bulik, Faith Clift, Norma Clift, Juan Luis Curiel, Lou Edwards, Georgia Geerling, Maurice Grandemaison, Marc Lawrence, Elizabeth Martin, Cameron Mitchell, Charles Moll, Robyn Russell, T.J. Savage, Clint Stevenson, Christie Wagner, and Philip Yordan, Jr.

AKA: Satan's Supper

Approximately 92m; Color

VID: The Nightmare Never Ends

[Video label unknown; 94(92)m]

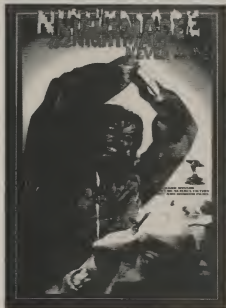
Satan's Supper [Academy Home Entertainment;

94(92)m]

ADL: *A taste from terror... a hunger from hell!*

A nazi hunter discovers the presence of an evil entity on earth, and enlists the aid of a cop (Jack Palance). Meanwhile, a college professor-cum-writer (Charles Moll from TV's *Night Court*) is receiving a great deal of notoriety over his book *God Is Dead*, much to the chagrin of his religious wife who has been having dreams concerning the aforementioned being.

Despite some interesting concepts, this low-budget shocker is marred by jumpy editing, cut-rate acting (particularly on the part of the lead actress, who is completely incapable of delivering even the most simple line), some bad stop-animation effects, and continuity problems. (Moll occasionally sprouts frosted sideburns, which change length or simply disappear during any given scene.) Rough production values aside, the film also takes a painfully anti-atheistic stance that is so overzealous in its condemnations, one wonders if this



Low-rent horror film is nothing more than thinly-veiled religious propaganda.

The video box claims that *The Nightmare Never Ends* received awards from the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films. Of course, it doesn't specify exactly what categories in which it was nominated. (Best gaffer? I dunno...) Also of interest is that this film was condensed into a half hour segment for the anthology *Night Train to Terror* (1985), an abysmal attempt to release an unfinished film by padding it out with footage from two other productions. (Namely, this and the obscure melodrama *Death Wish Club*, circa 1970s.)

An okay curiosity, but little more. ❧❧❧

Ossessa, L' [The Obsessed] (1974)

Tiberia Film International [Italy]

DIR: Mario Gariazzo

PRO: Paolo Azzoni and Riccardo Romano

SCR: Ambrogio Molteni

DOP: Carlo Carlini

SFX: Paulo Ricci

MUS: Marcello Giombini

STR: Giuseppe Addobbati, Chris Avram, Guerini Beani, Ignazio Bevilacqua, Stella Carnacina, Paolo Celli, Gianni di Benedetto, Raniero Dorascenzi, Piero Gerlini, Luigi Antonio Guerra, Lucretia Love, Elisa Mantellini, Maria Teresa Piaggio, Luigi Pistilli, Umberto Raho, Ivan Rassimov, Gianrico Rondinelli, Gabriele Tinti, Gianfranco Tondinelli, and Uduardo Toniolo

AKA: The Eerie Midnight Horror Show

Enter the Devil

The Sexorcists

The Tormented

Approximately 92m; Color

VID: The Eerie Midnight Horror Show

[Astral Video; 95(92)m]

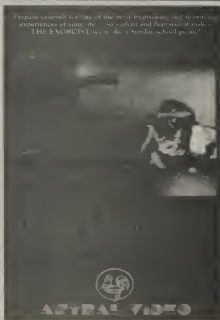
The Eerie Midnight Horror Show

[Continental Video; 92m]

ADL: *So violent and depraved it makes The Exorcist seem like a Sunday school picnic!*

A respected art restorer is raped by the animated subject of a life-size wooden crucifix. From there on out, things go to Hell... quite literally. She begins to act strange and progressively makes life miserable for her poor wealthy parents. As her masochistic mother is busy with her various "affairs," the possessed girl pulls herself away from her restoration just long enough to seduce her father, a benevolent priest, and whoever else walks onto the set. After having set up a promising premise, the film quickly relegates itself to the pit of mediocrity, becoming an Exorcist-Italian Style romp with the usual split-pea soup hullabaloo being employed to garner whatever shocks it can.

There are a lot of Italian "names," but even they seem reasonably unconvincing by the ruckus. (With the exception of Tinti—as the animated harbinger—who hams it up even more than is absolutely necessary.) There are a few good effects—including a passably gory crucifixion—but whatever intensity is inspired by these



scenes are overwhelmed by the cheap shocks and overall silliness. (At least it's better than de Martino's *L'Anticristo*, but anyone who's seen that excruciating Exorcist-clone knows that *that* isn't any big feat.) The remaining production values (sans a wonderfully tacky score that has popped up in numerous other low-budget horror films) are pretty unexemplary.

"This film is based on a true story," it claims. I'm convinced; how about you?

As a side note, I'm curious as to why American distributors decided to base their promotional campaign on the cult-musical *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*; anybody even remotely familiar with this camp "classic"—Gick!—will recognize the derivative retitling and the campy video box art sporting a huge pair of disembodied lips. At least the comparisons to *The Exorcist* aren't *entirely* unfounded.

Petey Wheatstraw—The Devils' Son in Law (1977)

Generation International Pictures [USA]

DIR: Cliff Roquemore

PRO: Rudy Ray Moore and Theodore Toney

SCR: Cliff Roquemore

DOP: Nicholas Joseph von Sternberg

EXP: Burt Steiger

Petey Wheatstraw—The Devil's Son in Law *continued...*

SFX: Conrad and Jimmy Lynch

MUS: Nat Dove

STR: J.B. Baron, Brian Breyer, Alvin Cash, Ted Clemmons, Cathy Cooper, Lee Cross, Barbara Daniels, Leroy Daniels, James Davis, Burma Floyd, Tom Fluellen, Valerie French, Marvin Jones, Nadine Jones, Johnny Lloyd, Jimmy Lynch, Sheila Mansfield, A. Jay Malone, Ernest Mayhand, George Mireless, Rudy Ray Moore, Danny Poinson, Lady Reed, Sy Richardson, Brian L. Roquemore, Clifford Roquemore II, G. Tito Shaw, Skillet, Wildman Steve, Audubon Walls, Doc Watson, Phil Wilkes, Joe Williams, Randy Williams, Rose Williams, Chic Willis, Eboni Wright, and a slough of other poor souls who didn't think this film abuse enough and returned for The Disco Godfather two years later.

SNID: Petey Wheatstraw—The Devil's Son in Law [Magic Disc Records & Tapes]

VID: Petey Wheatstraw—The Devil's Son in Law [Xenon Entertainment Group; 93(95)m]

ADL: *When Petey Wheatstraw hits bottom, the devil makes him an offer he can't refuse!*

And you thought you were going to get through an issue of GICK! without having to suffer through a review of a Rudy Ray Moore film, didn't you? Guess again, sucker.

Following our ill-fated discovery of The Disco Godfather (*aka* Avenging Disco Godfather), cohort Michael von Sacher-Masoch and myself found ourselves driven to track down every last Rudy Ray Moore film in existence. (Luckily for us, we didn't have to go far as Blockbuster ended up dumping most of his films shortly thereafter for anywhere from 99 cents to \$2.99. This was a good thing, if only so our pocketbooks didn't suffer nearly as much damage as our cerebral cortex, or whatever part of the brain it is that controls basic motor functions.)

Petey Wheatstraw casts our favorite jive-talking, epithet spewing, martial artist-slash-comedian (a title debatable on both counts) as the title character, who is undoubtedly based on Mr. Moore's infamous comedic persona. After he is gunned down by some pissed off businessmen during a boy's funeral, he is given a choice: Burn in Hell, or return to earth to seek revenge on those who killed him. Of course, the catch is that he has to marry the devil's daughter, whose countenance is so repulsive as to be kept concealed for most of the film. (Methinks it has more to do with the bad make-up applications, really.) He agrees, but decides to renege on the deal after he's proven his bad ass self.

I have to admit, this isn't nearly as bad as the infamous Disco Godfather, but—on the flip side—it isn't nearly as engaging for the selfsame reasons. The humor here (as with his earlier efforts) is more intentional, and sometimes succeeds despite his, uhm, "questionable" comedic talents. Petey Wheatstraw does have some of the delirious charm as the latter film, but just enough to pique the interest of those who normally aren't sold on blaxploitation fare.

Here are some of the highlights: Martial arts fight sequences so incompetent that speeding up the shutter speed doesn't help, bad humor, stock footage, some of the ugliest 70s fashions ever committed to celluloid, more bad humor, the most droning rendition of "Frankie and Johnny" ever perpetrated, acres of natty fros, even more bad humor, Rudy Ray Moore wielding a Jamaican accent even worse than his fighting skills, and demons so infantile looking that they would be completely at home in Santa Claus Conquers the Martians (1964). One death scene utilizes some camerawork innovative for its time, but this becomes a blight on what is otherwise a wonderfully abysmal film.

Blaxploitation at its god-awful best.

Mike says:

From what I've seen, Rudy Ray Moore's films qualify as "so bad they're good," and Petey Wheatstraw is no exception. Unlike most actors, Mr. Moore's acting ability never improves, nor does his martial arts skills. In this film, we are also treated to his stand-up comedy, for which one would have to have a low tolerance for humor to find even remotely funny. But, as anyone who's seen this films will know, Rudy Ray Moore is a hell of a lot funnier when he's *not* trying to be. (The man's facial expressions when fighting are golden.) Also humorous are some Benny Hill-style antics, Warner Bros. Cartoon sound effects, and Mr. Moore's ever-changing 70s wardrobe.

The film's best moments include Mr. Moore (in what looks to be an improvised scene) grabbing a little boy and proceeding to painfully "comb [his] nappy head," and a bachelor party involving a harem of sexy black girls wearing nothing but stick-on devil horns. (*Do I sense a fetish on your part, Michael?* [The Editor].)

Although—like Mr. Moore's other film—many of the actors are just as inept as he is, Petey Wheatstraw has a wonderful performance by G. Tito Shaw, who plays the devil. Unfortunately, his character is *too* easily defeated by a magical cane that he loans to Petey Wheatstraw early on. (It seems a little unbelievable that the devil can be defeated by his own cane, and that he can't take it back from his son in law by force.)

Recommended.

Plus Longue Nuit du Diable, La [The Endless Night of the Devil] (1971)

Compagnie Europeenne de Television et de Cinema

[Belgium] and Delfino Film [Italy]

DIR: Jean Brismée

PRO: Charles Lecocq

SCR: André Hunnebel, Charles Lecocq,
and Patrice Rohmm

DOP: André Goeffers

SFX: Paul Defru

MUS: Alessandro Alessandrini

STR: Enrica Bianchi Colombatto, Shirley Corrigan,
Maurice Degroot, Daniel Emilfork, Colette
Emmanuelle, Frederique Hender, Yvonne
Garden, Carol Ken, Christian Maillet, Jacques
Monseau, Ivana Novak, Lucien Raimbourg, Jean
Servais, and Lorenzo Terzon

AKA: Au Service du Diable

[In the Service of the Devil]

Castle of Death

The Devil Walks at Midnight

Le Château du Vice

The Devil's Nightmare

Fury of the Succubus

La Notte Più Lunga del Diavolo

[The Long Night of the Devil]

La Nuit des Petrifiées

Petrification

Satan's Playgirls

Succubus

La Terrificante Notte del Demonio

[The Terrifying Night of the Demon]

Vampire Playgirls

Approximately 96m; Color

SND: La Plus Longue Nuit du Diable
[Lucertola Media]VID: The Devil Walks at Midnight
[Regal Video; 88(83)m]

The Devil Walks at Midnight

[Saturn Productions, Inc.; 88(83)m]

The Devil's Nightmare

[Redemption Video; 96m; LBX]

Succubus [Applause Productions, Inc.; 90m]

ADL: *When the clock strikes 12... it's time to die.*

A small busload of tourists find themselves stranded in the remote countryside, and are given shelter by a baron in his roomy ancestral home. Apparently, the family name is cursed; one of his ancestors made the mistake of selling his soul to the devil, and in return the eldest daughter of each generation is born in the devil's service as a succubus. Before anyone can say "black sheep," a mysterious woman shows up, and the carnage ensues.



Yes, this is another sleazy gothic Euro outing, and as such wallows in gratuity as much as it does hokey Halloween atmosphere. (Alchemy, demonic possession, and other staples are all present and accounted for.) The films more artistic nuances are equally forced, such as the fact that each of the tourists are obviously fashioned after the Seven Deadly Sins. (And, much like the film *The Redeemer*, which dispenses characterization in the same manner, "perversion" is represented by a lesbian. Boo. Hiss.) Of course, the lack of subtleties make the film what it is, giving it its politically incorrect charm.

Unfortunately, some of the more effective sequences—particularly a flashback epilogue depicting a German officer murdering an infant—are missing from the more common, 83 minutes prints. Even worse, the sometimes-graphic bloodletting is swallowed up by the poor lighting... save for the all too convincing impaling of a cat. (I really *don't* want to know.) The rest of the production values are about on par with similar spaghetti horrors, and offers little to anyone not already a fan of the genre.

Plus Longue Nuit du Diable, *La continued...*

But, hey, we get to see Erica Blanc (*née* Enrica Bianchi Colombatto) sporting a Vampirella-style outfit,

so it's not a complete waste of time. (And you thought that Vampirella's costume would never work in real life; unfeasible, maybe, but not impossible.)

Riti, Magie Nere e Segrete Orge nel Trecento...

[Rites, Black Magic and Secret Orgies of the 14th Century...] (1972)

G.R.P. Cinematografica [Italy]

DIR: Renato Polselli

SCR: Renato Polselli

DOP: Ugo Brunelli

MUS: Romolo Forlai and Gianfranco Reverberi

STR: Anna Ardizzone, Krista Barrymore, Gabriele Bentivoglio, Rita Calderoni, William Darni, Max Dorian, Stefania Fassio, Mickey Hargitay, Marisa Indice, Bonini Marcello, Consolata Moschera, Cristina Perrier, Raoul Traucher, and Fanfoni Vittorio

AKA: Black Magic Rites—Reincarnation
The Ghastly Orgies of Count Dracula
The Reincarnation of Isabel

Approximately 98m; Color

VID: The Reincarnation of Isabel [Redemption USA; 98m; In Italian w/English subs; LBX]

Please, don't expect me to give you a synopsis for this film. Why? Because, simply put, *there is no story!* This movie offers bits of filler between scenes of gratuitous sex and violence. (Gratuitous for an early 70s film, anyway.) *Riti, Magie Nere e Segrete Orge nel Trecento...* (say *that* five times real fast) focuses on cultists (sporting green greasepaint, red jammies and black capes) sacrificing young girls to Isabella, a dead nun who was once the lover of Count Dracula, a scenario that allows this pointless exercise in sadistic sexploitation to show lots of writhing nude women having their hearts removed and the like. (The unadulterated chaos this film offers is oddly reminiscent of some of Coffin Joe's Brazilian atrocities.)

As far as its technical aspects, we have abysmal continuity, innumerable anachronisms (methinks they didn't have chain link fences in the dark ages), cheesy effects (rubber bats and snakes being pulled with strings), migraine-inducing edits (in case the "earthquake-cam" didn't do the trick), and enough Christmas tree lights illuminating the set to blind Mario Bava. Oh, and the dialogue. "Vampires need blood that's not contaminated (sic) by human semen." Really now.

Essentially lost for nearly twenty years, one wonders why someone was motivated to actually track down a complete print of this whacked obscurity, let alone unleash it on an unsuspecting public. Needless to say, I own it.



Mike says:

Satanism, witchcraft, vampirism, reincarnation, and time travel coalesce into what has to be one of the most confusing movies I've seen in quite some time. Too bad it's not as good as it sounds.

Problems this movie faces range from nausea-inducing camerawork (unnecessarily jerky pans) to such cinematic wonders as rubber bats on strings and just as unconvincing gore. (The latter includes a scene where a group of Satanists—dressed in red flannel pajamas and black capes—pull out a girl's heart through a hole half the size.) Obviously, the actors weren't very impressed either; when Isabel has a stake driven through her chest, she hardly flinches, as if this was a daily occurrence. But, hey, there's lots of nudity. (Yawn.)

Skip this turkey and you'll be glad you did.

Satan's Black Wedding (1974)

Production company unknown [USA]

DIR: Steve Millard

PRO: Tamara Brown

SCR: Steve Millard

DOP: Paul Rogers

MFx: Yvonne Cory

MUS: Roger Stein

STR: Greg Braddock, Barrett Cooper, Osa Danam, Georgia Lemaster, Don Lipsey, Lisa Milano, Ray Myles, Lisa Pons, and Zarrah Whiting

Approximately 59m; Color

VID: Satan's Black Wedding [World Video; 61(59)m]

ADL: *A Blood Marriage of Ghouls!*

Under orders from a vampire, a writer slits her wrists after finishing her last book, *High Satanic Rites*. (Boy, she had a lotta' red paint in them veins, I tell you.) Her brother flies in from Hollywood and begins his own investigation, convinced that something is amiss concerning his sister's death. (Gee, maybe the fact that her body was missing a finger had something to do with the authorities ruling out suicide.) Before you can say "boo," though, she's back, snarling and sporting the biggest, clumsiest pair of dime-store fangs the prop department could muster up.

Even more obscure than Millard's charming *Criminally Insane* (1973) is this no-budget wonder. Unfortunately, it lacks the presence of a Priscilla Alden (crazy fat Ethyl herself) to keep things truly interesting. Otherwise, *Satan's Black Wedding* is about as "competent" as Millard's previous effort: Bargain-basement production values (the 16mm film stock and plastic Halloween fangs should clue you in right away to the level of professionalism we're dealing with here), struggling stage actors, and a spotty script are just the tip of the iceberg. Charming, really.

Despite the non-existent budget (or maybe because of it), this is one of the bloodier vampire films to see the light of day in the 70s. (Of course, had they not squandered most of the funds on red paint, they might've been able to afford better fangs, but these are the sacrifices one must make for their art.)

Satan's Black Wedding shouldn't disappoint the more desperate trash fiends already scraping bottom; everyone else will simply ask "why?"

Mike says:

In a letter received by me, June 6, 1999:

TO: Scott Stine

RE: *Satan's Black Wedding*



Dear Mr. Stine,

This letter is to inform you that I am not happy with the procedures you have implemented in order to make sure that my movie reviews are punctual. I am aware that my reviews are often quite late in getting to your desk, but with the chemotherapy I am undergoing for the inoperable cancer from which I suffer, it is kind of hard to keep up with your insufferable demands. But, anyway, I am just whining. I am, however, thinking of giving you notice after the treatment I received at the hands of your goons—four of the ugliest and meanest men I have ever met—on June 2nd, 1999 at 3:26 am. (Bruno, Guido, Vinnie and Sal were their names I think, but I could be mistaken as they were not very sociable.)

After they broke into my house and burst into my room—ruining an important experiment that was months in the planning—they pinned me to the couch and forced me to review the film in question, telling me that I had to "watch dis" with a heavy Brooklyn accent. (Surprisingly, they didn't even bat an eyelash upon finding me wearing pink cotton panties, in roller skates,

Satan's Black Wedding continued... covered in whip cream, with a rubber chicken tied around my waist. Not to mention the trampoline. But, I digress.)

Anywho, despite the film's one-hour running time, this experience lasted almost five hours due to the fact that, every time I nodded off, they would take turns hitting me with a lead-filled sap. Of course, they would have to wait until I regained consciousness to resume their torture.

Suffice it to say, I am now in the hospital, recovering from a severe concussion. Not to mention the cancer for which I am suffering a relapse.

Sorry, I'm whining again.

You will probably be receiving another letter from me soon—probably a letter of resignation—as I can see your goons coming down the hall carrying another bag of videos and a portable VCR.

*Respectfully yours,
Michael von Sacher-Masoch*

My response, mailed June 7, 1999:

Dear Mr. von Sacher-Masoch,

I am truly sorry for the ill treatment and general manhandling of your person by my associates. Please accept my sincere apologies, and note that I have insisted that they remove the lead from their saps and replace it with the more traditional sand. As always, your well-being is my concern.

*Yours truly,
Scott Aaron Stine*

P.S. You still owe me a review for Satan's Cheerleaders.

Satan's Cheerleaders (1975)

World Amusement Company, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Greydon Clark

PRO: Alvin L. Fast

SCR: Greydon Clark and Alvin L. Fast

DOP: Dean Cundey

EXP: Michael MacFarland

MUS: Gerald Lee

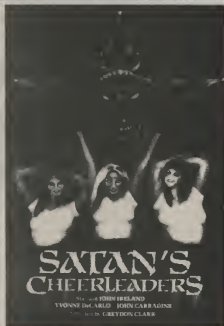
STR: Joseph Carlo, John Carradine, Lane Caudell, Jacquelin Cole, Yvonne de Carlo, Robin Greer, Hillary Horan, John Ireland, Jack Kruschen, Sherry Marks, Michael Donavon O'Donnell, Alisa Powell, and Kerry Sherman

Approximately 92m; Color

VID: Satan's Cheerleaders [United Home Video; 92m]

ADL: *WHEN THESE GIRLS RAISE HELL...
THERE'S THE DEVIL TO PAY!*

A simpering and spiteful janitor decides to get revenge on the school's cheerleaders (forget the fact that he actually receives more abuse from their pigskin-tossing main squeezes) through Satan's aid. On the day of the big game, he drags the lot of them to a graveyard in the mountains where a coven he belongs to congregates. They escape, and end up seeking help from the local sheriff (John Ireland) and his wife (The Munsters' Yvonne de Carlo) who—lo and behold—just happen to be the ringleaders of this backwoods outfit of devil worshippers. (Don't worry, I'm not giving anything anyway; the viewer is already aware of this fact barely thirty seconds into the film.) Things get interesting, though, when it turns out the Prince of Darkness has his sights set on one of the unbearably obnoxious teens, and not even his own followers are going to stand between him and her pompoms.



See Scott's Video Vault
Continued on page 30

SATAN IN THE 70'S

A Brief Look at Of Scratch During the Decade of Decadence

by Scott Stine

Really, is it any wonder that a time period that has become synonymous with narcissism proved to be rife with films that dealt with Christianity's favorite bad boy and his minions? As this issue shows, the self-indulgent seventies proved a perfect breeding ground for films—mostly of an independent nature—that dealt with such themes. Even today, the lasting effects can be seen in more recent horror fare, as they rarely veer from the path established by this precipitous wave of possession films, as well as exploitation films that revolve around witchcraft, devil worshippers, and other unholy contrivances.

Even though there are very few similarities to what these films portray and real-life Satanism, the two are inextricably linked. Modern day Satanism, and the trends that films take towards the subject can both be traced back to the sixties, a tumultuous era that has had a substantial impact on life as we know it today.

Having been established as an official religion in 1966 by ex-carny showman Anton Szandor LaVey, Satanism was a direct attack against the hypocrisy of the church. Unfortunately, Dr. LaVey's penchant for the shock imagery which had become synonymous with "devil worshipping" (inverted pentagrams, human altars, et al.) was difficult to digest by the older generations, so many never bothered to look past the tongue-in-cheek façade and get to the root of the church's Nietzschean ideologies. And because of this, many were quick to accept the codswallow proliferated by both Christian propagandists and an opportunistic media.

There were no blood sacrifices, animal or human. There were no ritualistic orgies; again, involving neither animals nor humans. The Satanists were little more than a collection of both disaffected intellectuals and bored hippies who were gathered together to perform mock rituals that functioned as a catharsis for

those who felt unable to break the psychological chains of an Anglo-Christian upbringing.

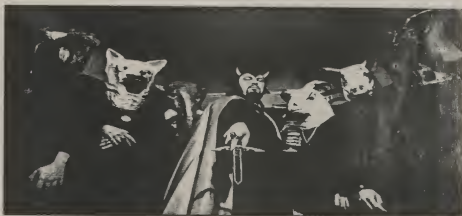
Ever the showman, LaVey did little to publicly deter preconceived notions of Satanism except when confronted with the occasional interview, or through his modest collection of books and published essays. He even went so far to further the fantasy by contributing to such films as *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Devil's Rain*, even though—at the root—Satanism was little more than glorified atheism, and not the occultic dogma these films portrayed.

The aforementioned film *Rosemary's Baby* proved to be the one that kickstarted the trend in the 60s, and put the fear of the devil back into western civilization, cinematically speaking. Before this, the prince of darkness occasionally reared his ugly head, but he chose to work his evils on mankind through his minions—as ineffectual as they often proved to be. (Or, he simply settled with writing up Faustian contracts in the hopes of obtaining but a single soul.) With Polanski's groundbreaking film, Satan was now proving himself a force to be reckoned with, as—not only were his minions no longer mindless beasts, but respected citizens with influence over their peers—he could also traverse the line from Hell to our domain with greater ease. And he was making

his presence known to others *regardless* if they signed over their souls for whatever aspirations they felt outweighed or warranted eternal damnation. Suddenly, he was more of a threat than he was in the years previous, as—to use an overused aphorism—no one was innocent.

Bridging the generation gap, Satan became the symbol of indulgence. For the young and the liberal, he perfectly embodied the "If it feels good, do it" credo, an excuse to shuck off all inhibitions. For the old and the conservative, he stood for the decline in the established mores that had been losing their foothold since the fifties, a decade that—in retrospect—turned out to be





nothing more than a plastic dream. (And—as author Arthur Lyons pointed out in his book *Satan Wants You*, drugs probably played a hand in the resurgence of Satan's popularity as well. With hallucinogenic drugs now readily accessible, “people began to believe in the Devil again because they could see him.”)

Not ones to turn down a good thing, filmmakers saw a way to exploit the controversy in such a way that it would appeal to those on both sides of the fence. Although most of the horror films to follow took a fairly

the films that revolved around devil cults and witchery usually consisted of young people, the protagonists in these possession films were “the concerned parents” and their resident priest or other holy man. With these films, the older generations could more readily identify with the heroes, as the characters’ plights mirrored the viewers’ more down to earth fears.

Despite the politics, the young still flocked to these productions, if only because of the shocks. Generally, these films avoided the tired conventions that

“But even ouija boards, seances, and arcane rituals that resulted in little more than cheap thrills and drug-induced one night stands would lose their draw, as these were the closest anyone would come to experiencing the Satanic delights publicized by opportunistic filmmakers.”

conservative and conventional approach to Satan and his flock of orgiastic devil worshippers, these selfsame films were packaged in such a way as to appeal to the younger generations. Usually gratuitous—in regards to sex and violence—these films also exploited such aspects of the counter culture as drugs, rock music, and the like. All of the pop aspects were, ultimately, nothing more than a way to distract the younger viewers from the films’ lambasting of the selfsame theatergoers and their chosen lifestyles.

With the release of the next granddad of devil flicks, *The Exorcist*, there was a noticeable shift towards possessions, as—apparently—Ol’ Scratch decided to make it harder on everyone to dispatch him by possessing children (almost invariably young girls, who were by nature the embodiment of “purity”). This film, even more so than Polanski’s pic, inspired a slough of cut-rate an ultra-conservative stance. Whereas the entire casts in

had become the staples of most horror films, even those productions that continued to justify their shocks with that piled on the flesh and blood in an effort to distract the viewers from their shortcomings. At the time, even the most slipshod of possession flicks could boast to being truly “modern” horror films. There were no monsters or ghosts, *per se*. Beasties weaned on atomic mutation seemed as unlikely as ever, as most people would die from radiation long before they would become a hulking behemoth, or turn into a scaly, blood-sucking vagabond. Vampires and werewolves were not taken seriously anymore by anyone old enough to sport pubes, and—despite the advances in surgical transplants—Frankenstein’s patchwork creations were treated with a similar irreverence.

With the disillusionment of the sixties now guiding the nation, the young became more concerned with spirituality than activism. And since ghosts were

DEMONIC POSSESSION

Diagnosing the Symptoms

For those individuals unfamiliar with the tell-tale signs of demonic possession, I've included a convenient checklist so you too can diagnose such a debilitating malady from the onset. This list has been compiled in the hopes that the reader will then be able to recognize these symptoms, and have the stricken individual readily treated. (It is recommended that one leaves the actual exorcism rituals to the professionals, because—as the motion picture industry has made abundantly clear—it is not an undertaking to be, well, taken lightly.

☑ Listening to Evil Music

This is probably the first warning sign in determining if someone you care for is possessed by an unclean spirit. As everyone knows, rock music is the devil's candy, and heavy metal its lullaby. But remember: Anything that played *loud* constitutes itself as "evil" music; if this poor soul has reached the point they are listening to Tom Jones or—God forbid—polka at excess of 10 decibels, you can assume that they are beyond saving.

☑ Potty Mouth

Following a penchant for unpleasant music, this is one of the first signs that something is terribly amiss. The term "potty mouth" is reserved for epithets that are far more severe than gosh, darn, heck, piddle and poo poo. Potty mouth—as it applies to demonic possession—will invariably include references to pigs (as in "pigfcker"), goats (as in "goatfcker"), and one's mother.

☑ Making Funny Faces

Unless, of course, they are born with one. (On an aside, if they *don't* have one; this is not exactly possession *per se*, but in all likelihood the person you are dealing with is the Anti-Christ himself, or some other spawn of Satan. In this case, consult a doctor or other professional immediately.) Funny faces include: Rolling of the eyes, wriggling of the ears or tongue, drawing of the lips, et al. It is easy to mistake these symptoms for the antics of low-rent comedians, although this could be used by the possessed to their advantage, disguising themselves thus. Benny Hill was not under the influence of demonic possession, whereas The Little Rascals in all likelihood were.

no longer a box-office draw, it was only natural that interests would turn towards fare that exploited other supernatural elements. Hence, possession films were a shoe-in, as even the more skeptical souls still grasped onto the concepts of Heaven and Hell, God and Satan. One didn't have to be a Holy Roller to call upon God in a time of despair, especially when such ideologies were so ingrained, so embedded in the common populace, regardless of the individuals' religious upbringing.

But even ouija boards, seances, and arcane rituals that resulted in little more than cheap thrills and drug-induced one-night stands would lose their draw,

"Although most of the horror films to follow took a fairly conservative approach to Satan and his orgiastic flock of devil worshippers, these selfsame films were packaged in such a way as to appeal to the younger generations."

as these were the closest anyone would come to experiencing the Satanic delights publicized by opportunistic filmmakers. So, things started changing by the mid to late 70s.

No longer content with simply possessing children, the prince of darkness soon began propagating his own, his seed spreading like wildfire. Although not the first film to focus on the antichrist, The Omen paved the way for a whole cadre of these infernal rugrats. The devil's offspring had been given, through the element of surprise, the upper hand. Satan had managed to infiltrate everything from the nuclear family to our political system; it seemed sowing his oats was not only a more enjoyable route to take than bargaining for souls the old fashion way, but a more constructive one as well. (To his dismay, drug-addled hippies proved to be more ineffectual than he had counted on.) By the time anyone realized that cute lil' Damian and his brethren had a hidden agenda outside of the usual clubhouse antics, Armageddon had been set in motion.

With the encroaching apocalypse as foreseen by Revelations, the devil had apparently grown tired of the silly games he had been instigating for several millennia, and was now eager to bring everything to a close. Unfortunate for him, his human adversaries proved—more often than not—to be up for the challenge. And they were usually successful in thwarting his plans for world domination. Having expended so much energy for naught, old Beelzebub had, by the 80s, decided to keep it in his pants and return to his old one-on-one tactics. (One can assume that the independent production houses were pleased with this decision, as their budgets dictated that they keep the goings-on similarly low-key.)

The passing of the 70s also marked a dramatic shift in the public consensus on Satanism. Eager to make up for the lost time (and appeal) in the 70s among the youth, the religious right intensified their efforts to disseminate anti-cult propaganda, taking a particularly libelous stance towards Satanism. Almost overnight, this alternative to orthodox religion became to many an underground conspiracy that exploited the nation's youth through sex, drugs, rock'n'roll, and ritual magic. Although the Church of Satan did pare down its numbers in the 70s, weeding out those who were simply along for the ride, as well as refraining from outright recruitment for new members (letting those interested seek *them* out and not vice versa), its beliefs and practices remained virtually unchanged. Still, militant Christians interpreted this for their followers as something more sinister than it actually was.

As it had in the past, Satanism was again viewed as a clandestine scourge that performed blood sacrifices and ritual sexual abuse in isolated forest clearings, and Satan himself a corporeal entity instead of an evolutionary ideal. Urged by local churches and religious organizations, the police department began issuing pamphlets to both its force and concerned citizens detailing the warning signs of children involved in such diabolical and nefarious activities. Rock records were played backwards, revealing what "authorities" claimed to be subliminal messages of an ungodly nature. Of course, much of the heavy metal music that was gaining in popularity did little to deter such conceptions, but anyone with a modicum of sense would realize that it was nothing more than a marketing ploy. Rock music—for many years the embodiment of teenage rebellion—had lost its precious bite, and a new generation of fans desperately needed something with

"As interpreted on a socio-political level, these selfsame films preach that anything that deviates from the norm, upsetting the apple cart of public consensus, requires disciplinary action simply because it does not adhere to tradition."

which to annoy their fuddy-duddy parents. (Books such as Bob Larson's Satanism—The Seduction of America's Youth not only perpetuated the innumerable urban legends surrounding Satanism and devil worship, it preyed on its readers ignorance by taking most—if not all—of its sources entirely out of context. Of course, documented evidence to support their cause was slim to none, so everything up to and including outright fabrication was necessary to build a case against these mostly imagined evils.) But I digress...

DEMONIC POSSESSION *continued...*

☒ Inability to Keep Food Down

Especially split-pea soup. And live toads.

☒ Lethargy

Those under the control of malicious spirits tend to rarely leave their beds, regardless of confines. They make a great deal of noise, to be sure, but that is where most of their energies are spent. Apparently, leaving their bedrooms would extol too much effort. This, of course, excludes their...

☒ Compulsive Need to Rearrange Furniture

It may be difficult to differentiate a possessed individual and a burgeoning interior decorator, so it is advised that you not be too hasty when diagnosing your loved one's obsession with *feng shui* as the devil's work.

☒ Unpleasant Masturbation Habits

Although reserved for only the most severe cases, it is strongly suggested that—upon the first signs of demonic possession—all crucifixes be kept out of the victim's reach.

☒ Misc. Medical Ailments

The patient in question will more than likely exhibit an array of physical and physiological conditions that not only seem to be unrelated, but whose effects can not be accounted for. Such conditions include a weak bladder, heretofore unnoticed skin conditions (such as exema), a preference for lower temperatures, and a dire need for chiropractic.

Hopefully, you have found this an insightful and educational aside, and have decided to keep this list within reach for future reference. (Put that refrigerator magnet to good use for a change. Who needs all of those emergency numbers handy anyway; when the devil comes a knockin', they won't do you a lick of good, I assure you.) With a little foresight—and God on your side—you should be able to nip this problem in the bud before it gets out of control should you be faced with it. God bless, and a little soda should take that stain right out.



It seems cinema in the 70s all but exhausted the subgenres we've discussed. Take any film made since, and you will be able to trace it back to the innumerable

"Rock music—for many years the embodiment of teenage rebellion—had lost its precious bite, and its fans desperately needed something with which to annoy their fuddy-duddy parents."

films made within this ten-year stretch. (Even though many of the ideas they explore had been dealt with previously in both cinema and folklore, it was the 70s that ultimately defined them for modern society.) Some may be cleverly disguised rebashes, but they are rebashes just the same. Although few films tend to reiterate the more successful trendsetters (Rosemary's Baby, The Exorcist, The Omen, et al.), the same sense of stilted morality remains. Anything that deviates from the repressed leanings of the Christian church is inherently evil, or quaintly referred to as "the devil's work." As interpreted on a socio-political level, these selfsame films preach that anything that deviates from the norm, upsetting the apple cart of public consensus, requires disciplinary action simply because it does not adhere to tradition. Individuality and free thought are not to be promoted, cherished, or exalted, but to be dissuaded, reviled... or worse.

Possession films are the most up front about the values they teach. Along with supernaturally-charged powers, the possessed individuals invariably display the selfsame maladies: Rebellious behavior, epitomized by bad language and sexual promiscuity. These symptoms of teenage rebellion are equated with sin, despite the fact that it is a natural—and predictable—tendency for teens to defy parental wishes in an effort to instill within themselves a sense of individuality, and thus a sense of autonomy. And as everyone knows, one cannot be autonomous *and* be one of God's sheep.

But we're not going to let the messages of these films get in the way of us having a little fun, are we? Most of these films are bad, and bad films are meant to be enjoyed, regardless if we have to take them with a grain of salt. As Satan was alive and well in the 70s—giving us many an enjoyably rotten horror film—it is up to us to give the devil his dues. And while we're at it, let's remember that if there was ever a decade that did *not* belong to Big Daddy Ghost and his masochistic, snot-nosed brat, it was our esteemed decade of decadence.

So, be prepared. If anyone asks why in the Hell you'd even want to remember these films and the time period that spawned them, just be sure to tell them that the devil makes you do it.



Films weren't the only medium that exploited the interest in and growing concerns over Satanism. As the smattering of examples above shows, both fiction and "non-fiction" works thrived on the controversy, flooding the market with one sordid account after another. As questionable as their content may have been, their lurid covers guaranteed sales.

THE SEXORCIST

PDC-58809-4

50¢



Even comic books wasted little time in leaping on the proverbial bandwagon. From Marvel Comics' supernatural super hero Damon Hellstrom—known at large by the more ominous title of "Son of Satan"—to this obscure adults only offering from the long-defunct Blink Publications, Satan had managed to infiltrate every aspect of pop culture.

Scott's Video Vault
Continued from page 23

Satan's Cheerleaders—despite the supernatural storyline—is nothing more than a shallow, homogenized 70s teeny flick. (Worse yet, this sucker is PG. Granted, there is some gratuitous shower scene-related nudity that makes one wonder how it got released with just such a rating, but this is relegated to all of five minutes.)

Satan's Skin (1970)

Chilton Film & Television Enterprises Ltd. [UK]
and Tigon British Film Productions Ltd. [UK]
DIR: Piers Haggard
PRO: Peter L. Andrews and Malcolm B. Heyworth
SCR: Piers Haggard and Robert Wynne-Simmons
DOP: Dick Bush
EXP: Tony Tenser
MUS: Marc Wilkinson
STR: Anthony Ainley, Barry Andrews, Robin Davies,
Michele Dotrice, Howard Goorney, Linda
Hayden, James Hayter, Avice Landon, Charlotte
Mitchell, Wendy Padbury, Tamara Ustinov,
Simon Williams, and Patrick Wymark
AKA: The Blood on Satan's Claw
The Devil's Touch
Satan's Claw
Approximately 95m; Color
VID: The Blood on Satan's Claw
[MGM/UA Home Video; 100(95)m]

A farmer unearths the corpse of a "fiend" while plowing his field. (Surprising in that he didn't accidentally shatter its obviously glass eye.) By the time he retrieves the authorities, the unearthly cadaver is long gone. Unfortunately for the townsfolk, a thief is not on the loose, but the creature itself, which promptly goes about making an utter nuisance of itself. Meanwhile, all the youngins in the village have went and formed themselves their own little cult, which is led by a girl

One wonders if Greydon Clark—a fairly prolific exploitation filmmaker—intended this to be a pastiche or spoof of said films, but it is done with little flair and less wit, forcing one to write it off as simple drive-in trash.

With a wonderfully dated wah-wah peddle score, John Carradine as a devil worshipping vagrant, and a completely unnecessary rape scene.

Yes, the title *does* outshine the film.

named Angel who sports funky eyebrows (Fuad Ramses and Brooke Shields, eat yer heart out) and is possessed by something or other. (The children all exhibit swellings on their bodies—the "devil's, skin," natch—that look like hairy boogers. Big, hairy boogers.)

Not a bad little horror film, it is pretty standard stuff that boasts a few disturbing moments. (The best being where a boy hacks off his own hand. Ouch.) Satan's Skin only real claim to fame in PC times such as these is the underage nudity that would have many staunch moralists screaming "kiddy porn" at the top of their lungs. Funny, then, that the film is so downright conservative in its overall message.

Mike says:

Being a fairly well acted and atmospheric film, I would have to recommend Satan's Skin. It has its shortcomings, most noticeable being its made-for-TV feel (although some nudity and effective gore raises it above the usual TV fodder). The film's ritual aspects are, in my opinion, quite cheesy, and seem to owe more to Wicca than to Satanism. (In this way, it seems to bear more resemblance to The Wicker Man than the other films reviewed in this issue.) The devil's make-up is quite effective as long as it isn't overexposed which, unfortunately, happens. And, most detrimental to the film, is the anticlimactic confrontation between the devil and the town's mayor, which is a letdown after the incredible build-up the film succeeds in creating.

Simon, King of the Witches (1971)

Fanfare Film Productions, Inc. [USA]
DIR: Bruce Kessler
PRO: David Hammond
SCR: Robert Phippeny
DOP: Vision Photography
EXP: Joe Solomon
SEFX: Roger George
VFX: CineFX
MUS: Stu Phillips
STR: Allyson Ames, Jerry Brooks, Norman Burton,
Bob Carlson, Frank Consentino, John Copage,

Angus Duncan, Michael C. Ford, Ray Galvin,
Richard Ford Grayling, Buck Holland, Mike
Kopcha, Lee J. Lambert, William Martel, Bill
McConnell, George Paulsin, Andrew Prine,
Harry Rose, Brenda Scott, Richmond Shepard,
Earl Spainard, Ultra Violet, John Yates,
and Gerald York

AKA: Simon, King of the Warlocks

Approximately 88m; Color

VID: Simon—King of the Witches

[Trolley Car Record & Filmworks; 88m]

Simon, King of the Witches *continued...*

ADL: *The Evil Spirit Must Choose Evil! Witness The Black Mass... The Ceremonial Sex... The Human Sacrifices...*

This engaging occult drama focuses on—one guess—Simon, a self-proclaimed warlock who lives in a storm drain and lives off of selling homemade charms and the like. He gets picked up for vagrancy, and while in jail befriends a young bisexual pro. Through him, he works his way up the social echelon, meeting people with money, and eventually gets the cash to rent a basement from where he can practice without worrying about flash floods. As he works on crossing the barrier between the earthly realm and that of the higher beings, he finds himself having to deal with drug dealers and the authorities, thanks to the fact he's decided to date the DA's pill-popping daughter.

Simon, King of the Witches handles the material better than most; one still has to contend with the suspension of disbelief, but here it doesn't seem nearly as painful an experience as it could have been. Characterization is above average, and there are actually some truly humorous moments to compliment the drama. As for the staples of sex and violence, nudity seems unavoidable, but blood is slim. And, as you may be able to figure out on your own, the "dazzling special effects" are really nothing more than some sad optical effects thrown in to give the film a psychedelic edge. (I'm sure those dropping acid at the theaters this film was shown undoubtedly enjoyed them, but discriminate viewers will probably just be annoyed by all the colored filters and cheesy camera tricks.)

Better than I had hoped.

Mike says:

This film documenting a warlock's rise to power, and his subsequent fall, is engaging despite its faults. This includes a glowing red ball—what I assume is a demon under Simon's control—that would have been better left to the audience's imagination. Simon, King of the Witches also boasts hokey LSD-inspired special effects, but these are bearable if only because they are relegated to a dream sequence. Furthermore are the script problems. For example, Simon is supposed to be an intelligent and powerful magician, yet when he



charts out the exact time that the gods are at their weakest in order to dominate them, he ends up missing his 1:33 deadline because he was apparently too cheap to buy a watch. The ending is similarly anti-climactic.

Favorite scene: At one point, Simon mocks a Wiccan leader by insisting that she ride a broomstick to prove her abilities, although the item in question is shown in such a light to imply it's more of a phallic symbol than a magical item. Or maybe I had preconceived notions, who's to say.

Simon, King of the Witches is on The Church of Satan's recommendation list, and I assume this is because—despite his occasional ineptitude—Simon makes an acceptable role model for Satanists. I would have to agree, and recommend it for similar reasons.

Tutti i Colori del Buio [All the Shades of Darkness] (1972)

Compagnia Cinematografica Astro [Italy] Lea Film [Spain] and National Cinematografica [Italy]
 DIR: Sergio Martino
 PRO: Mino Loy
 SCR: Ernesto Gastaldi and Sauro Scavolini

DOP: Giancarlo Ferrando and Miguel F. Mila
 MUS: Bruno Nicolai
 STR: Dominique Boschero, Renato Chiantoni, Vera Drudi, Tom Felleggi, Edwige Fenech, George Hilton, Lisa Leonardi, Marina Malfatti, Carla

Tutti I Colori del Buio *continued...*

STR: Mancini, Nieves Navarro, Luciano Pigozzi,
Maria Cumani Quasimodo, Ivan Rassimov,
Georges Rigaud, Susan Scott, and Julian Ugarte

AKA: L'Alliance Invisible [The Invisible Alliance]
Day of the Maniac
Demons of the Dead
Un Stranha Orchidae con Cinque Gocce di
Sangue [A Strange Orchid with Five
Drops of Blood]
They're Coming to Get You
Todos los Colores de la Oscuridad
[All the Shades of Darkness]
Toutes les Couleurs du Vice
[All the Colors of Vice]

Approximately 90m; Color

VID: Day of the Maniac [VidAmerica; 89m]

A woman loses her grip on reality after losing her unborn child in an automobile accident. She begins having dreams of a man knifing a woman who turns out to be her mother. Suddenly, the selfsame man begins showing up everywhere: Her psychiatrist's office; the subway; the park; and at her solicitor's office, carrying a hatchet and what appears to be a dog's head. Of course, no one believes her claims of being stalked. A friend suggests she go to a Sabbath in order to "get her head together." There, she meets a bunch of losers covered in pancake make-up sacrificing small dogs and drinking their blood. She succumbs, and becomes the center of attention in an impromptu orgy. Only forty minutes into the film we are, and I bet you're thinking it won't get any stranger than this, huh?

Opening with a rather wacky dream sequence involving a guy in drag that would make John Waters involve, a pregnant hag draped across a chair, and the knifing of a nude woman by the aforementioned crones,

the film retains a hallucinatory stance even when focusing on the "reality" of the situation. In other words, this is another sleazy "Who cares whodunit, just what the hell is going on?" giallo thriller from Italy (of course) that boasts kaleidoscopic effects, tacky editing, and some slo-mo knifings that are graphic even as far as most early 70s Euro-fare goes.

Interesting, to say the least.

Mike says:

As a Satanist, I cannot recommend this film as—philosophically speaking—it goes against everything the Church of Satan stands for, and is a perfect example of what I despise about films dealing with Satanism. This film exploits all of the stereotypes (i.e. animal sacrifice, blood drinking, orgies, and tricking/forcing unwary people to join the cult, and not giving them the means to leave except through death). While this may make for a scary movie to some, it does nothing but fuel the religious right and their ignorant beliefs.

Aside from that, Tutti I Colori del Buio is a pretty lame horror film anyway, as there are no surprises. There are some pointless dream sequences, an ingratuitous shower scene (the actress remains fully clothed throughout; apparently, the director thought he was doing some innovative), and some sex and violence, although not as much as you'd expect of either. (The obligatory animal sacrifice—of a puppy—is in very poor taste, even from a film of this caliber.) The viewer must also suffer through close-ups of some of the ugliest people I've seen onscreen in quite some time, during an orgy sequence of all places.

The only thing I liked about this movie is that by the end, most of the coven members are either killed or in prison, which—in this case—makes for a happy ending.

Urlo dalle Tenebre, Un [A Cry in the Dark] (1975)

Manila Cinematografica [Italy]
DIR: Franco Lo Cascio and Elio Pannaciò
PRO: Luigi Fedeli
SCR: Franco Brocchi, Aldo Crudo, and Elio Pannaciò
DOP: Maurizio Centini and Franco Villa
SFX: Giancarlo Serravalle
MUS: Giuliano Sorgini
STR: Richard Conte, Franco Garofalo, Patrizia Gori,
Mimma Monticelli, Filippo Peregò, Françoise
Prévost, Elena Svevo, Giuseppe Tallarico, Jean-
Claude Verné, and Sonia Viviani

AKA: Bacchanales Infernales [Infernal Bacchanals]
L'Exorcista N.2 [The Exorcist 2]
Naked Exorcism

The Possessor
Return of the Exorcist
Approximately 88m; Color
VID: The Possessor [Wizard Video; 89(87)m]
ADL: *Nothing can satisfy her unholy hungers.*

What a mess this is. First we open to the flashbacks of a nun being indoctrinated into a Satanic cult and impregnated. (Given, the Black Mass adheres to Anton LaVey-style psychodrama more than most, but it's still cheesy.) This cuts to a teenage boy tied to his bed, doing his best Linda Blair impersonation by verbally abusing his sister-cum-nun. We then find out that these events were precipitated by his taking photo-

Un Urlo dalle Tenebre *continued...*

graphs of an unwary nude redhead by a waterfall, only—when developed—she's nowhere to be seen. Spooky. The kid inadvertently kills his girlfriend, then starts having wacky, incestuous hallucinations involving his mother and the elusive redhead. Before long, the potty mouth sets in, the bed's a spinning, and the furniture's a-flying.

Not only is this *another* shameless rip-off of *The Exorcist*, *Un Urlo dalle Tenebre* is probably the cheesiest entry in an already sorry subgenre. Outside of the oft-mentioned staples and utterly derivative script, we also have to suffer through a gratuitous discotheque scene. (Talk about insult to injury.) The only, and I mean *the* only inspired part of the film is the mock cinema vérité-style footage of a sanitarium that is—surprisingly—quite effective.

Gore is a little nastier than most of its peers, but it's still tame, although they try to make up for it with as much as their censorship laws would allow.

If you have to see this, you're really scraping bottom.

Mike says:

This has to be *one of*, if not *the* worst *Exorcist* rip-off ever. The make-up effects are truly awful (unless you're convinced by talcum powder and blacked-out teeth), and the dubbing even worse. Gore is sparse, and barely passes muster, although it would take more than that to elevate this film above being bottom-of-the-barrel. (Which is fine because *that* is where it should stay.) There is some full frontal nudity and softcore sex, and I'd say that this was the only thing going for this film, but I'm getting quite tired of saying this, much less watching such gratuity. Needless to say, the shock ending isn't very shocking, either.

To no one's surprise, the film issues the same worn out message that religion, not science, is our only



salvation, and that the medical profession is quick to insist that things they can't explain are paranormal in nature. Of course, the Christian messages are brought down by such hokey effects as spinning beds, and objects being thrown at the actors from off camera. If you *really* want to be scared, I suggest you skip the movie and just go to church.

Warlock Moon (1978)

CW Film Co. [USA]

DIR: William Herbert

PRO: William Herbert

SCR: John Sykes

DOP: Larry Secrist

SFX: Don U. Dodhet and Jess D. Dudhet

MUS: Charles R. Blaker

STR: Harry Bauer, Ray Goman, Michael Herbert, Edna Macafee, Charles Raino, Steve Solinsky, Joe Spano, Richard Vielle, Laurie Walters, and Joan Zerrien

Approximately 89m; Color

VID: Warlock Moon

[Unicorn Video; 89m]

A couple of college students head off for a leisurely drive and are accosted by the prototypical sloven cops spouting the "people in these parts don't take kindly to strangers" spiel. They then stumble across a seemingly abandoned house; although he doesn't seem perturbed by the place, his female companion, on the other hand, comes down with a bad case of the heebie jeebies. After some strange occurrences, they leave, but she is coerced into visiting the selfsame residence later on that week.

This no-budget, ultra-obscure effort from horror writer William Herbert (*Rats aka Deadly Eyes*) emphasizes atmosphere over logic. Besides not making a whole lot of sense, *Warlock Moon* is often times unbearably

Warlock Moon *continued...*

slow, and teases the viewer by relegating all of the violence off screen. (Except, that is, for a particularly grisly scene involving a meat locker and the remnants of several hapless victims; seeing this, one can't help but be frustrated at the prospects of what Warlock Moon *should* have been.) Going for the film, though, is some surprisingly natural acting and dialogue, and an interesting set-up that concludes with a shock ending *after* the end credits have rolled.

If you're wondering why the film is even included in this issue, the strange occurrences (some undoubtedly supernatural in origin, others quite possibly faked—again, few explanations are given) are propagated by a coven of devil worshippers. Those wacky devil worshippers...

Mike says:

This made-for-TV-style supernatural drama (complete with "place commercial here" fades) is only mildly entertaining. The script is inane, and the gore extremely tame (there are a few after the fact shots, but they are too little, too late). The shock ending is funny but, alas, predictable.

Rent this turkey only as a substitute for sleeping pills.



Werewolves on Wheels (1971)

South Street Productions [USA]

DIR: Michel Levesque

PRO: Paul Lewis

SCR: David M. Kaufman and Michel Levesque

DOP: Sidore Mankofsky

MUS: Don Gere

STR: D.J. Anderson, Duece Berry, Anna Lynn Brown, Severn Darden, William Gray, Ingrid Grunewald, Kieth Guthrie, Tex Hall, John Hull, Gray Johnson, Dan Kopp, Carl Lee, Barry McGuire, Marilyn Munger, Stephen Oliver, Owen Orr, N.A. Palmisano, Leonard Rogel, and Bart Smith

Approximately 85m; Color

VID: Werewolves on Wheels

[Unicorn Video; 86(85)m]

Werewolves on Wheels

[Viking Video Classics; 85m]

ADL: *THIS GANG THOUGHT IT WAS TOUGH...*

'til it met the bride of Satan!



A pseudo-hippie biker gang, "The Devil's Advocates," inadvertently tread on the property adjoining a reclusive Satanic church. (These Hell's Angels rejects are entirely unconvincing, if only because

Werewolves on Wheels *continued...*

they always drive on the right side of the road. Hey... how about some realism, guys?) Anyway, the do-no-gooders are knocked cold by some spiked punch offered to them by the creepy cultists. The leader's old lady is dragged away, whereupon she performs some perfunctory topless go-go dancing for the devil worshippers. A scuffle ensues as the bikers try to retrieve their stolen property, and several of them are clawed by her kidnappers. And although the film takes its own sweet time, we eventually *do* get to see what the ads promise. (They should have, for accuracy's sake, called this film *Werewolf on Wheels*, as only *one* of the

lycanthropes makes it far enough to hop aboard his hog and kick up some dust. Shame. It was almost worth it just to see a stock werewolf on a Harley being pursued by bikers with torches.)

Wonderfully dated hokum, with only a smattering of nasty gore, but nothing to guarantee it a place in anyone's top ten lists; it's biggest problems are that it is just too damn slow and unable to live up to the unforgettable moniker. (You tell *me* you wouldn't find some sick pride in saying that you own a copy of *Werewolves on Wheels*, even if you're not willing to actually show it to anyone.) The anticlimactic finale doesn't help matters, either.

The Wicked Caress of Satan (1973)

Andros Films Española [France/Spain]

DIR: Georges Gigo

SCR: Georges Gigo

DOP: Julio Perez de Rozas

EXP: Jacinto Ferrer

MUS: Alberto Argudo

STR: Wendy Asher, Mara Crespo, Rosa de Alba, Esteban Dalmases, Antonio D. del Castillo, Sergio Dore, Victoria Dura, Lyndren Fields, Marta Flores, Jordi Gigo, Ronnie Harp, Victor Israel, Richard Kolin, Daniel Martin, Oliver Malthau, Jose Luis R. Mesas, Jose M. Montserrat, Miguel Muniesa, Jose Nieto, Carlos Otero, Jack Rocha, Jose Ruiz Lafante, Scott St. Clair, Evelynne Scott, Maria Silva, Juan M. Solano, Silvia Solar, Rosa M. Sorribes, and Mara Vador

Approximately 97m; Color

VID: The Wicked Caress of Satan

[Something Weird Video; 97m; LBX]

A posh party at an old castle—the Château de Haussement—is attended by a medium who is trying to outrun his past, as well as “an expert on telepathy whose experiments with the regeneration of animal cells are progressing very slowly from a lack of resources.” (Gee, I wonder why. Sheesh.) Anyway, part of the evening's festivities include a truly 70s fashion show, and—I saved the best for last—a seance that precipitates some strange goings-on. The couple is offered the opportunity to continue their experiments in the duke's château, and they naturally take it. Pretty soon, though, it turns out that the curriculum includes such frivolities as grave robbing, and pledging one's allegiance to Astaroth.

By mid-way, *The Wicked Caress of Satan* wanders into Mary Shelley's well-tread stomping ground, as well as forays into the 60s brand of Euro-

gothicism that had become rote by this point in time. (Certain similarities to Stuart Gordon's and Brian Yuzna's *Re-Animator* can't be ignored either, as their films seem to owe more to this than H.P. Lovecraft's otherwise forgotten serial.)

Despite being overdrawn (rambling and convoluted dialogue makes up much of the running time), this film displays a certain amount of charm, especially for Euro-trash enthusiasts. (And it may hold some interest for the average viewer if only because one is never quite sure where the scriptwriter is headed.) *The Wicked Caress of Satan* boasts some goofy incidental music (as well as a cheesy organ score), some softcore frolicking, dimstore make-up and even some mild splatter.

Worth a look see if you don't like to take yer films too seriously.

And for you raincoaters out there...

The following reviews are for films that are, well, inherently *naughty*. (Porn, for you simpletons out there.) It seems that—in the 70s, anyway—it wasn't just the horror filmmakers that were exploiting Of Scratch's devilish antics. In fact, I think it would be safe to assume that there was just as much devil-oriented porn produced in this time period as there were “non-erotic” titles. (I use the term “erotic” sparingly in context with these films; most people who have seen any number of them would be hard pressed to claim that they hold much value to those simply looking for jerk-off material. But I digress...) Production values here are typically sub-par (even as far as 70s porn is concerned), so I've only pointed out the films' shortcomings when they are really, *really* bad.

Obviously, because of the obscure nature of these films, credits are scarce.

Dark Dreams (1970s)

213 Releasing, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Roger Guermantes

PRO: Candida Ference

SCR: Candida Ference

DOP: Werner Hlinka

MUS: Charles Morrow

STR: Ariana Blue, Kitty Cat, Storm Cloud, Patrice de Veur, June Dulu, Tom Lee, Tim Long, Alan Martin, Darby Lloyd Rains, Tina Russell, Stell Worth, and Yoryck Yezno

Approximately 74m; Color

VID: Dark Dreams [Eros Video; 74m]

Further credits are currently unavailable.

Introductory narration attempts to educate the viewer about the various aspects of black and white magic, having culled much of the information from cut-rate pop literature from the time. (This introduction is barely three minutes in length, but it's a looong three minutes, I assure you.)

The story that follows involves a newly married couple who stop off alongside a country road to do some pre-nuptial groping; due to some eluded to psychological problems, she's a bit reluctant ("I just hope you're worth all the waiting," he exclaims, obviously a man of much sensitivity). They are then waylaid en route to their motel by a flat tire. (No spare, Natch.) The couple is forced to stay the night in an old house whose sole occupant is an almost as venerable witch, who graciously offers her "services." (Ugh.) She drugs them, seduces the husband (but not before turning into a somewhat more attractive younger woman, namely porn star Tina Russell). All the while, a cultist goon in a robe takes a stab at the newlywed wife's frigidity, making his exit and entrance as a dog. Apparently, this infidelity, and some acid inspired hallucinatory sequences does the trick, and they live happily ever after.

Besides the usual bump'n'grind, let's see what we got here: An excruciatingly long topless belly dance sequence, lots of awkward jump cuts, what's supposed to be someone reciting incantations but sounds suspiciously like someone droning over the intercom at an airport, and a sex scene involving whip cream. (Thanks to the aforementioned editing, the filmmakers try to pass off one of the whip cream scenes as a money shot earlier on in the film. Even out of context, you can still tell it's whip cream, but it's no less icky.)

As pornography, *Dark Dreams* fails. As a horror flick, it lacks even more. But as geek value, it has some merit. Whatever you do, don't watch it back-to-back with *The Devil's Ecstasy*, or you're sure to forget which



film was which in retrospect. (And for what it's worth, both of these productions are more competent than most of the dreck in this section.) XXX

Mike says:

This has got to be the most pathetic attempt at a supernatural porn film I have ever seen. (*You haven't subjected yourself to all of the "Hardcore Horrors," have you Michael?* The Editor) It starts out promising with a voice-over about magic, but quickly degrades into traditional porn. This film, though, is inept even as far as most porn goes. First, the director decided to throw slices of sex footage in willy nilly during the initial scenes of character development, as if to remind the viewer that they are indeed watching a porno. Next, he had the bright idea to show the actual sex scenes out of order. (Maybe he was trying for audience participation, getting the viewer to play "Guess where this scene belongs?") And—worse still—the minute a sex scene even thinks of taking a turn for the erotic, it cuts to a

Dark Dreams *continued...*

new scene, making them moot. Furthermore, it spends too much time focusing on foreplay, and even includes a pseudo-bestiality scene, although it's entirely off camera. Even the witchcraft aspect is wasted as it's simply a device so that the film's virgin can experience different avenues of sexual release (i.e. lesbianism, bondage, etc.)

The Devil Inside Her (1978)

Taurus Productions [USA]

DIR: Zebedy Colt

PRO: Jason West

SCR: Zebedy Colt

STR: Zebedy Colt, Nancy Dare, Rod Dumont, Terri Hall, Chad Lambert, Jody Maxwell, Renée Sanz, Annie Sprinkle, and Dean Tait

Approximately 65m; Color

VID: The Devil Inside Her [Something Weird Video; 65m; Double-billed w/ Count Erotica—Vampire]

Further credits are currently unavailable.

New England, 1826. Faith wants to marry Joseph, a simple heathen woodcutter, against her father's wishes. After they are caught "kissing in broad daylight," her bible-thumping dad punishes her (stripping and whipping) and forbids her to see him. Turns out, Faith's sister also had her eyes set on the muscle-bound farmhand, and is none too happy about the revelation. The jealous sibling hands over her soul to Ol' Scratch, who looks like either an excommunicated member of the band KISS, or King Diamond on a bad hair day. Throw in a witch and a horny wood sprite just "hanging around," and, well, you *still* have lousy porn.

The Devil Inside Her boasts all of the percs you could expect from a film shot on four hundred bucks in one weekend: Half-assed period costuming (I didn't realize Levis was a brand name in the early nineteenth century; goes to show that my knowledge of American history is a little spotty), a complete disregard for continuity, and the same stock music that was used by every other period porn piece. (Although some Gregorian chants are thrown in for good measure.)

The Devil's Concubines (1974)

Pitdown International Productions, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Tommy Reid Semper

PRO: Marc L. Sheerly

SCR: Horace Fuchs

STR: Reginald Astor, Barry Farmer, Marilyn Gee, Stacy Grant, Deborah Hall, and Nichelle Smith

AKA: Satan's Sluts (84m)

Approximately 78m; Color

NOV: Satan's Sluts by Horace Fuchs

and allow her husband to sleep around as well. The only good thing I can say about this film is that it preaches the worthlessness of saving one's virginity. Oh, and for you sick pups who just want to know if I masturbated to this film, I didn't, and I doubt you will either unless you're *completely* hard up. (Hey... *that's not a very nice thing to say about me.* The Editor.)

The sex is undeniably humdrum, even the scene where one of the sisters—now an insatiable sex fiend—tries to make do with whatever her garden has to offer: An ear of corn, a carrot, and what I think is an eggplant. Problem is, she doesn't take the time to *wash* any of them before, well, putting them to use. (Lcky.) As if the film and the resulting sex isn't already nearly unwatchable, The Devil Inside Her also contains a particularly disturbing scene that takes place during a black mass and involving everyone's favorite Queen of kink, Ms. Annie Sprinkle. (Her name is erroneously given as "Annie Sprinkles" in the credits, but what does one expect from a bunch of stoned hippie filmmakers.) Here, she is pissed on by three guys, then gang raped; her discomfort is more than evident on the final print, and it makes you sick that no one stopped rolling the cameras during the ensuing abuse. (Annie herself has went on record saying that the scene "kinda" got out of hand,) and that her tears were genuine. Truly unnerving.)

God, I'm glad few of these Hardcore Horrors clock in at over an hour, for they already feel like they're much, *much* longer. XXX

Mike says:

After being forced to sit through Dark Dreams, Devil's Ecstasy and Hardcore, I refused to suffer through the rest of the porno horror flicks my copublisher tried to foist upon me. (Scott, assured me these three were the *better* films of the batch, and—if this is the case—I think I made a very wise move to "just say no.")

[Pendulum Books]

ADL: *Theirs was a hellspawned lust for blood...*

rivaled only by their hellspawned lust for flesh!

Further credits are currently unavailable.

Here's what the paperback novelization claims: "David fell in with a bad crowd... a really wrong crowd. The sisterhood—a matriarchal commune whose LSD-soaked orgies would make the Romans blush—seemed

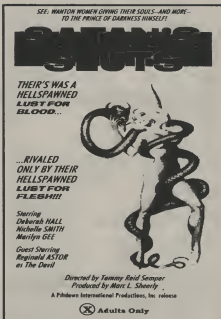
The Devil's Concubines *continued...*

innocuous at first. Under the veneer of free love was a cult whose very existence (sic) was entrenched in human sacrifices, the ritual killings filmed and sold to wealthy clients with unusual tastes. Once aware of their diabolical doings, David tried to leave... but it was too late. David's sister is looking for her brother, whose mysterious disappearance has authorities stumped. She finds him, a mindless zombie, but is he under the sisterhood's control, or has he become an unwitting pawn of a supernatural force much darker than their mortal whims?"

The book obviously having been written after Snuff began making headlines, the movie itself does not make any references to a snuff film ring. There is one "LSD-soaked orgy" where no one takes their pants off. (They're bellbottoms, so it's fine by me.) David becomes a "zombie" after getting stoned and getting acid thrown in his face; from there on out, he stumbles from one house to the next, wearing a dime-store Halloween mask, looking in people's windows. (The same shot of him looking into someone's bedroom is recycled at least half a dozen times.) When the devil finally does show up in the last five minutes, he is little more than a second-rate Anton LaVey sporting plastic Halloween teeth, red leotards, and a beer gut.

Everything about this film is truly abysmal, and I think it is safe to assume that it was already dated before they even started filming this sucker. T&A is gratuitous (even excluding the hardcore inserts), and the gore never amounts to anything more than red paint smeared on people's clothes. Furthermore, the soundtrack is entirely made up of stock 60s music, the editing was executed with a chainsaw, and the dialogue rarely rises above the level of "He's... dead. That is not cool."

In issue ten of Painful Excursions (the magazine that precipitated GICK!), I posted ad art for this film in the hopes of getting some information on what was proving to be an elusive production. Since then, three years have passed, and I have not only been able to find a paperback novelization for the film, I also managed to



acquire a copy of it on video. (Thanks go out to Spence for throwing a copy my way, even if the print was barely watchable.) I erroneously cited The Devil's Concubines as a retitling for Satan's Sluts, when in actuality it was the other way around. Furthermore, the film ran as The Devil's Concubines for only a few short weeks before it was pulled out of circulation, had about six minutes of (unrelated) hardcore footage inserted, then re-released to grindhouses in only a few cities. (The additional footage was more than likely culled from stag loops, from the look of it.)

You can just feel the brain cells a poppin'. XXX

Devil's Ecstasy (1975)

Stonehenge Films [USA]

DIR: Brandon G. Carter

PRO: Roger Keath and Richard S. Nelson

DOP: Eric R. Graydon

EXP: Harry Dracma

MUS: Bill Phyx

STR: Lewis Avery, Tara Blair, Robert Coe, Deanne

Forrest, Fran Francis, Linda French, Debbie

Galland, Cash Hamilton, David Lamont, John

McNight, Grace Turley, and Deborah Whitney

Approximately 74m; Color

VID: Devil's Ecstasy [VCA Pictures; 74m]

A woman cums of age (oops) to receive her inheritance, and discovers the strange circumstances surrounding her birth. (Her mother was quite insane, her sister similarly inclined, her father dies of a coronary on the day of her birth, et al. Needless to say, her birth-

Devil's Ecstasy continued...

right seems, well, a bit cursed.) She returns to her family estate, only to be worked over by a Satanic cult.

Devil's Ecstasy looks more like 70s horror than 70s porn, with all of its colored lights and an overworked smoke machine. And there is—Gick!—a story. (In a porno? Were they mad? Granted, it is no more threadbare than what is usually found in the same type of no-budget trashy horror it tries to emulate, but being a porno, one can't help but be a bit awed.)

Furthermore, there's lots of odd, breakneck edits, some dancing corpses that make those found in Carnival of Souls look like they were made up by Tom Savini, a downbeat ending, and an audio track that sounds as if it was recorded on a cheap Walkman. And—being a porno—there is a fair share of the old bump'n'grind, which is actually quite distracting at times. (The cut-rate pillow talk, and the fact that many of the participants are—How do I put this gently?—quite *homely*, make it even more so.) And—last but not least—it has someone being sacrificed during coitus. Any pre-Friday the 13th film that features such a disturbing prospect is worthy of mention.

Only in the 70s. XXX

Mike says:

Devil's Ecstasy is simply bad porn disguised as a horror movie. Like most porn, it suffers from ham acting, horrendous dubbing, and misplaced canned music. (Unintentionally funny, cues intended for shocks pop up in the middle of the film's many sex scenes.) The story is better than expected, but it is still outdated. But, even being a notch above most porn from the time, it was still a chore to watch and hardly erotic. (Why, I could barely masturbate to it.)

What I found strange, though, was the actual placement of the sex scenes; many of them seemed to be inserted after the fact, with little rhyme or reason. Most noticeable was that, whenever there was a car crash, the scene always cut to a porno dream sequence. A very pointless porno dream sequence.

If I had to say something *good* about this movie, I would have to say that some of the Satanic ritual trappings were at least inspired by those practiced by the Church of Satan.

Oh, and before I forget, The Devil's Ecstasy has a "shock" ending as well; as soon as the shock wears off, I'll tell you all about it.

Hardgore (1972)

Production company unknown [USA]

STR: David Brook, Joan Devlin, Justina Lynn, Tony Scott, and John Seeman

Approximately 64m; Color

VID: Hardgore [Alpha Blue Archives; 63m]

Horror Whore [Something Weird Video; 63m]

Insofar, in all of my years looking for films deemed "cruel and unusual punishment" in 49 of the 50 states, this is the first hardcore sex-cum-gore film I've seen. Excepting, of course, Tinto Brass' *Caligula* (1980), a film whose hardcore footage was, uhm, *inserted* after the fact. What also separates this from Brass' big-budget porn classic is that here the two ever popular taboos are married within the same scenes, making for some extremely distasteful viewing.

Hardgore wastes no time in cutting to the quick. A "nymphomaniac w/masochistic tendencies" is admitted to an institution, and before she can finish unpacking her bags, she's caught giving her nurse a tongue-lashing (and vice versa). They stop long enough for the nurse to give her the "get the hell out of here while you can" spiel, but the girl—exhibiting her only act of masochism during the film's running time—stays put, intent on screwing or getting screwed by whoever crosses her path.

Pretty soon, the intentions of the institution are

made clear. During what are assumed to be "bad dreams", the new girl is exposed to sadistic orgies put on by the Chief Psychologist (dressed as the devil wearing what looks like a large daisy), and witnesses such atrocities as a woman getting it doggy-style as her head is lopped off by a guillotine. Our heroine doesn't fare much better while awake. While her and a nurse are having fun with a vibrator, someone ups the voltage (guess they didn't question as to why it was plugged into an electric generator), electrocuting the nurse. (As smoke is pouring out of her crotch, she screams—rather unconvincingly—"Call my mother! Call the doctor! Call the fire department!" and you can't help but wonder if this was supposed to be intentionally funny.)

The film goes from one extreme to another; one minute you'll be forced to endure such scenes as a doctor explicitly raping a corpse in a room that could only be described as an abattoir, and in the next you'll be laughing your ass off at the bargain-basement contrivances. (A hallucination sequence depicting airborne dildos—complete with sparklers—is only one of several ludicrous moments.)

Needless to say, the production values of this sleazy wonder are abysmal: Chainsaw editing, a-ors who would have never had a chance doing legit horror films (let alone legit *porn* films), and a microphone boom which has much more stage presence than the

Hardcore *continued...*

aforementioned actors. And if the gore isn't extreme for you, the special effects people decided to keep the set pieces slicked down with more fake jism than is usually required in ten straight hardcore efforts.

Hardcore has to be seen to be believed... but you might want to think twice before taking any such advice. XXX

Mike says:

Hardcore is pure, unadulterated exploitation that gives new meaning to the word "sleaze." (Anything

that makes me this ill has *gotta* be good.) I think the filmmakers tried to compensate for poor production values (and monotone acting) with non-stop sex, but it all ends up being distracting regardless.

Scott seems to have glossed over most of the key scenes, in particular one scene where a man is fucking a mattress, sending feathers flying with every thrust. He also didn't seem to give the psychedelic dream sequences their due. (Neither one of us still has any clue as to what the flowered devil mask is all about, though. Or the flying dildo that looks like a Flesh Gordon prop.) And, of course, the necrophilia is a bonus.

The Horny Devils (1970s)

Production company unknown [USA]

Director unknown

Approximately 57m; Color

VID: The Horny Devils [Something Weird Video; 57m; Double-billed with Satan's Lust]

Further credits are currently unknown.

Hoo, boy, these suckers just never get any better, now do they? Granted, they have an inexplicable charm that makes me search out each and every one, but early 70s sex/horror films just aren't renowned for their superb production values, quick wit, or highbrow underpinnings. The Horny Devils is no exception.

The devil (an out-of-work thespian in a shaggy red mohair body suit) sends his two horny, half-witted sons (dressed like satyrs, save for goat's legs as the budget didn't allow for such luxuries) to Earth to prove that it "is corrupt, and that all men are sinful." Once topside, they are immediately seduced by every nekkid

woman whose bedroom in which they materialize.

First and foremost, anyone watching the film might find it disconcerting that most of the stock music sounds to be straight out of Disney films and Warner Brothers cartoons, although it actually compliments the really bad slapstick-style approach that the film has chosen to employ. (As if the same material could be done *seriously*.) We are also treated to some nude go-go dancing, and the same unknown actress who also starred in the equally bad Satan's Lust (1970s).

Just to show how insistent the filmmakers were on not wasting footage, there is a scene where one of the hell-spawned brothers places a peeled banana into one nymphoid's love canal, sprays some whip cream on its tip, and tops it off with a cherry. The entire scene hinges on a lame punchline that refers to his creation as a banana split; he promptly screws up his line and calls it a salad instead. The first take was preserved.

Next... XXX

The Lucifers (1970s)

Production company unknown [USA]

Director unknown

STR: Rick Cassidy

Approximately 44m; Color

VID: The Lucifers [Something Weird Video; 44m; Double-billed w/The Haunted Pussy]

Further credits are currently unknown.

Yes, they do get worse...

A girl makes a pact with the devil, and is hounded by his go-between centuries later to make good on her end of the bargain. She feigns ignorance of there ever being a deal (quick thinking), so he then gets her fiancée to shell out *his* in order to cure his impotence. ("There is only one thing you must do: Render up your eternal soul to me," the go-between insists. "Yeah, what the fuck. Why not?" You wouldn't think he would've put up such a fight, huh?) From there, the devil's minion

gets another bored, sex-starved woman to cough up hers for "a good piece of ass." And so it goes...

The sole reason for this film being made, as far as I can tell, was so that a certain actor playing "John" (the director, maybe) could get laid. (This pudgy excuse for a cocksman is promoted by hell as the "world's greatest lover?" Give me a break.) For this, he coughed up enough money for some bad period costuming, and enough make-up for our go-between to look like Frank Gorshin's character from an old Star Trek episode. Otherwise, we have lots of stoned hippie chicks stumbling over their lines. (For once, though, some of the stoned hippie chicks are actually quite palatable; cute, even. Unfortunately, Something Weird's print—probably the only print in existence—is suspiciously bereft of hardcore sex. Talk about a let down in that they finally have people you don't mind seeing bumping uglies. Ack.) XXX

Sacrilege (1970s)

Production company unknown [USA]

DIR: Michel J. Rogers

PRO: Michel J. Rogers

STR: Gerard Broulard, Ruthann Lott, Charles Smith,
and Jane Tsentas

Approximately 56m; Black & White

VID: Sacrilege [Something Weird Video; 56m;
Double-billed w/Sexual Satanic Awareness]*Further credits are currently unavailable.*

The credits sequence involves a hippie goth chick pulling back her robe (revealing more of her naughty bits than we probably ever wanted to see) and doing the bump'n'grind with the cameraman, who can't seem to pull his eyes off her pubes. (Which is probably for the best since the actress looks either completely stoned or disinterested.) The "story" begins with a man reading books on witchcraft in a field near a dilapidated farmhouse. He gets all buggy-eyed at the sight of our resident Vampi clone approaching, and—to keep him from suffering any permanent strain—she turns into "good girl" Cassandra. She invites him to her pad for some tea after engaging him in a silly discussion on the occult. There, he meets her cat, Lucifer, who changes into a particularly scruffy looking fellow with bad manners. Of course, she seduces her guest, and barely ten minutes into the film we, the viewer, are treated not only to more gyrating (egads) but also the sight of them bumping uglies. (I smell a stand-in!) Apparently, there must've been some salt peter in his herbal tea as he has a hell of a time keeping it up. (Oh, wait, maybe it has more to do with the actress involved, and her incessant knack for screeching. It's a theory, anyway.)

If you thought the other movies in this section were dull, this one is particularly tiring (bested in boredom only by Sexual Awareness). The production values are actually a notch below the rest, and the film is graced by innumerable unflattering close-ups, and three of the longest sex scenes in adult film history. (At least they seem that way.) Throw in an ominous kettle drum soundtrack, some industrial-strength S&M (A woman gets her hiney flogged with a handful of straw. Ouch.) and Jane Tsentas from The Adult Version of Jekyll and Hide (1972).

"Much of what science knows is derived from witchcraft," our hero proclaims. (Please insert sounds of chortling *here*.) XXX

Satan's Lust (1970s)

Production company unknown [USA]

Director unknown

Approximately 67m; Color

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VID: Satan's Lust [Something Weird Video; 67m;
Double-billed w/The Horny Devils]

Further credits are currently unavailable.

Satan's Lust continued...

This one's a doozy. (At least after suffering through Sacrilege and Sexual Awareness, it is.)

A girl who couldn't drive is found dead, alone, in a wrecked car. Two of her college chums hear of her mysterious demise and decide to do some old fashion detective work (when they're not reliving their days of making out between term papers, that is). They discover that their friend last worked for two buggy filmmakers (Satanic Films, they're called), who spend their off hours worshipping the devil, performing their orgiastic rites *au naturel*. (Save for their capes. *Gotta' keep the capes.*) The curious couple are promptly hypnotized, drugged, and seduced (in no certain order, it seems) by the cultists and a token witch. The witch falls in love with the hero after giving him a blow job (huh?), and spares him from certain sacrifice. After being placed under a spell by the leader and taken advantage of, she is let go, only to have his half-witted lackey break into her house, drug her, and do the same, all the while doing his best Jerry Lewis impressions. (Which ain't so hot, I tell you.)

In case you never get enough, here's more unflattering close-ups of greasy hippies and their nether regions doing unspeakable things. (Namely, sharing

their sexual exploits with us.) All of the sex scenes culminate in faked money shots. (To say that they went through the egg whites would be an understatement.)

And in between all of the icky sex and haphazard edits we get a lead who Something Weird claims is (and who does sound an awful lot like) B-movie stand-in George "Buck" Flower, although I'd like to think that he'd come up with better improvised dialogue for the ritual scenes than droning off Taco Bell's menu. (Chimichungas are apparently popular in hell.) Regardless, I have my doubts, but I ain't writing their claims off just yet. Also present is an actress who looks somewhat out of place (ten years older than the other girls, and whose hair had been *recently* washed) but who also made an appearance in *The Horny Devils*. There's also a demon in a cheesy red devil mask that I recognized from the ads in *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, and a hilarious scene where our resident witch is struck down immediately after screwing our lead, and while she's trying to finish the job he started with a candle. He then wakes up, finds himself mounted by her skeleton (candle still in place), and lets the cameraman know just how unhappy he is about the situation.

You've gotta' love this shit. XXX

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Sex Rituals of the Occult (1971-Documentary)

Occult Films [USA]

Director unknown

Approximately 80m; Color

VID: Sex Rituals of the Occult [Quality X Video; 80m]

Further credits are currently unavailable.

Droning on-screen narration by an "expert" in all matters occult is broken up by poorly staged (and I do mean staged) sex scenes of a dozen men and women recreating what are supposedly real rites performed by various cults throughout the ages. Haitian voodoo, a black mass, a nondescript fellatio cult... no one is seemingly spared by our group of inept actors and their unconvincing acts of group sex, flagellation, bondage, phallic worship, et al. (And if these weren't silly enough, the "implied" necrophilia and bestiality are completely ludicrous.) Desperate to include whatever "deviations" they could muster, the screenwriters even go so far as to analogize homosexuality as a divine cult just so they could justify its inclusion in the film.

Sexual Rituals of the Occult is one of the sadder attempts to legitimize a softcore sex flick. (I can't impress upon you enough just how badly performed the softcore sex is... with an emphasis on "soft." It looks to me like the stagehands were passing out plentiful helpings of salt peter before the shoots in order to alleviate anyone getting carried away.) There is some hardcore footage, but this consists of about three minutes of fellatio (and about the same amount of tongue-lashing) interspersed with endless amounts of groping. (And, yes, some of the harder footage accompanies the gay scene, so homophobes beware.) So, if you're looking for a film to deliver the goods, look elsewhere.

SEX RITUALS of the OCCULT



Quality X
Video Cassette
Company

At least the filmmakers were kind enough to toss in some cheesy kaleidoscopic optical effects in order to jostle the viewer. (One can't fall asleep to such tripe if they're fending off a migraine, now can they?)

Yawn. XXX

Sexual Awareness (1970s)

Occult Films [USA]

DIR: Otto

STR: Aries, Tyler Horne, and Jonol

AKA: Sexual Satanic Awareness

Approximately 53m; Color

VID: Sexual Satanic Awareness [Something Weird Video; 53m; Double-billed w/Sacrilege]

Further credits are currently unavailable.

If you watch only one of the films in this section... make sure that Sexual Awareness *isn't* it. (When it comes to bad films, my pain threshold may be incredibly high, but even I have my limits, y'know.)

Cult leader "Aaron the Great" and "worthy servant" Jerome promote a self-help coven that is nothing more than a way for them to screw unwashed hippie chicks. (But, hey, they have business cards. *We*

don't even have business cards... maybe that's why Michael's and my respective sex lives are so dismal. Hmmm...) Much of the film shows the opportunistic Aaron feeling up drug-addled customers while reciting cheesy occultic gibberish. To everyone's dismay (the viewer's, anyway), sex eventually follows.

Sexual Awareness boasts lots of bad make-up, not-so-groovy sideburns, and pilfered 70s music. To make what story there is virtually incoherent, far shots of people talking (of which there are several) are just that; without the benefit any post-synch dubbing, all we end up with are the sounds of cars passing between the camera and the actors. (We may lose out on the story, but at least we're spared the acting.)

The film's "highlight" has the great Aaron lifting his robe and offering a "look, Ma... no hands" money shot. Epic, I assure you. XXX

Up From the Depths

Continued from page 2

that I have been humbled by the lifetime of being kicked in the teeth, but to be humbled is to be put in one's place. I may admit defeat to some degree by conceding to your existence, you megalomaniacal sadist, but I am not to go down without a fight.

Well, have fun while it lasts. Invariably, I'll continue to get buggered by everyone and their arthritic grandmothers, but I'm not going to bend over and take it like a man for much longer, nosiree. It's nearing payback time. Every last meat puppet that you send after me is now just that in my eyes: Meat. For every kick in the teeth I catch, I'll parry it with a finger in the eye. The harder the kick, the deeper my finger imbeds itself in their headbone jam.

But—just so you know—I'm keeping this a secret between you and me, dig? I'm going to continue putting up the nontheistic façade, as—while I'm here languishing on Earth—this is the only way I can get back at you directly. I will continue to do everything in my meager little power to crush the belief in you, because—as everyone knows—without their followers, a deity is soon relinquished to the realm of myth. Obsolete. Useless. Dead.

So, hopefully by the time I've had my fun, you'll be little more than a weak, doting old fart who can barely get it up anymore. Maybe then, I'll be ready to give up the ghost. Suffice it to say, you better be ready the day I decide to kick the metaphorical bucket, because I'm coming for you, you big bully.

Give it yer best shot. 2/4/99

Okay, I'm feeling a little better now. As I write this, I realize just how apt that this is to be my editorial for our "The Devil His Dues" issue. Granted, the films covered herein deal with pop-culture views of Satanism and Old Scratch himself, but the fact that modern-day Satanism (as proffered by Anton LaVey and his much-maligned, but misunderstood Church of Satan) is little more than glorified atheism and a more cathartic approach to established dogma makes me realize just how fitting the above essay is.

As far as the magazine goes, I don't have much new to say... except the usual. Our circulation has increased dramatically, due in part to our (once again) improved format, and Diamond Distributors' courage to actually promote our tepid little rag. (Thanks again, Frank. Sorry I made it so tough on you after that "other guy" left.) If sales continue to escalate, you can be sure that we'll be going quarterly before you know it.

As for the aforementioned post office debacle, here's the skinny on that. Prior to finishing last issue,

our post office (actually, a hardware store posing as a post office) found themselves being forced to relocate. We patiently waited until they had the new address officiated before going to press, as we did not want to have everyone's mail forwarded, and possibly lost. (I had problems before with mail being sent my way never reaching my hands, or arriving in my box untold months after it was originally sent out.) Anyway, when I was given a copy of our new address and box number, I thought it looked "odd" and commented to the slug of a clerk about it, trying to instill in him just how important it was that this address be accurate. He ensured me that it was indeed correct, and off to press the magazine went, our new address plastered all over it. Shortly thereafter, we found out that—not only was the address he had given out wrong—the copy he gave us did not even have the right street listed. Whereas everyone else who received the address would have their mail forwarded to them, anything sent to the specific address we were given would more than likely be returned because of this small oversight. So, if you are one of the unfortunate few who sent something to the address posted in GICK! #1, all you can do is hope for the best.

Anyway, I've blathered enough. It's Michael's turn to do some venting, as he's been waiting patiently.


"So Many Bad Films... So Few Brain Cells"

Scott Stine 4/1/99

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BEYOND the DOOR



demonic possession lives, and grows... and grows...and grows...and

JULIE MILLS as Sarah • RICHARD JOHNSON as Dr. Martin
 with **ELIZABETH TURNER • DAVID COLIN Jr.** Directed by **OLIVER HELLMAN**
 Screenplay by **RICHARD BARRETT** Edited by **JEFFREY**
 A New Line Production. A New Line International Film. **NEW LINE**

Guest Editorial

by Michael von Sacher-Masoch

In the hallowed halls of the last issue of GICK!, I mentioned that I was indeed a card-carrying Satanist.

For those who didn't catch that the last time around, I'll wait a moment for the shock to wear off before I continue.

Okay... now that you've recovered, I want to clarify a few things.

As a representative of The Church of Satan, I am obliged, nay, *obligated* to explain the differences between the beliefs of The Church of Satan (henceforth referred to as the Church) and how Satanism and Satan have been portrayed in the media. Needless to say, similarities are few and far between.

First and foremost, cinema tends to pay homage to what is undoubtedly Christian Satanism, or what Satanism has been touted as being by the religious right for centuries. This, a simple reverse of what Christianity claims to be, has been used almost solely for dramatic effect and shock value. In true Satanism, as dictated by the philosophy of Anton LaVey, we realize that man created God, and not the reverse, and so we worship not a mythical ghost, but ourselves, taking responsibility for our own actions.

Second, but also quite important, is the fact that the Church in no way condones, or under any circumstances perform blood sacrifices. (Human, animal or otherwise.) Not only would this be a pointless endeavor, it is also just plain wrong. (Not to mention illegal.) As for our four-footed friends, many Satanists are animal rights activists. And as far as children are concerned (our victim of choice, if the media has anything to say about it), they are looked upon with wonder and awe by the Church, and for that we do everything in our power to protect them from harm.

As can be seen, it only makes sense for cinema to utilize Christian Satanism and not it's real-life "counterpart." (LaVey has contributed to several films that delve more into the philosophical aspects of modern Satanism, but even these owe more to the Christians' tainted views, as that is what sells.)

As I get older, I find it harder and harder to take these films with a grain of salt, as they ultimately undermine Dr. LaVey's teachings and keeps people from truly understanding the Church's philosophy. To some degree, they even give credence to the church, police, and children's protective services who make ludicrous claims concerning Satanism and alleged ritual abuse. Obviously, what these films depict bear little or no resemblance to what LaVey has been espousing since



he formed the church in 1966.

Inherently, many of these films are laughable, and some are even scary, but regardless of the politics, most of them are a lot of fun... as long as the viewer is able to make the distinction between fantasy and reality.

Michael von Sacher-Masoch 6/2/99

GICK! would like to thank Lorren Bell, for encouraging our bad habits, Greg and Ruth Waytz, for allowing us use of *Evron* - a suitable art; Peggy Nadramia, Peter H. Dinklage, and Nick Bougas for allowing us use of Dr. LaVey's likeness, and for supplying us with pics. Frank Supiot, for giving us some much-needed perspective. Duane Eif, for his unbelievable patience; and whoever else we may be indebted to for this and past issues.

Scott would like to extend the obligatory "fuck you" to - You guessed right! - H.A. (Alan) Hale of All Horror Video, and - You're right again! - Hart D. Fisher, publisher of Boneyard Press and editor of Verotik, both thieves and liars of the most despicable sort. An additional "up yours" is also now reserved for the Broadway Postal Station, and the unnamable shambling mound that runs this establishment.

Michael would like to thank Dr. Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan for their guidance through the years.

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Letters to the Editor

PO Box 5273, Everett, WA 98206-5273

We're still waiting to hear from our readers out there. Granted, last issue carried an erroneous address, so for all we know, the dead letter office could be swamped with glowing reviews and other encouraging responses. (Or enough mail bombs to level half of Washington state. Either one would make us proud.) We also need a name for our letters pages; a few issues ago we offered a free lifetime subscription of this magazine to whomever supplies us with one, and the offer still stands. "Letters to the Editor" just doesn't quite float our boat, so be creative. (And, please, don't waste your time and postage by flooding us with such clichés as "Dead Letter Office" or "Bloodletters" or what have you. And if you swipe one from some other magazine we don't know about, and we use it, we'll hunt you down like the dog you are.)

ERRATA (tHe BiG "oOpz")

Hey, despite a slough of insignificant typographical errors last issue (thanks to some last minute computer problems), we didn't embarrass ourselves too terribly bad. Excepting, of course, the fact that our contract postal station gave us the wrong fucking address, and that we printed it from here 'til Tuesday. Our new address is—Have you got it memorized yet?—GICK! Magazine, PO Box 5273, Everett, WA 98206-5273. If you are privy to any big fuck-ups on our part, feel free to write and harangue us unmercifully. We deserve it. (Okay, so maybe just Michael deserves it, even though he probably didn't have anything to do with it.) Don't worry about holding back; after the Dracula Vs. Frankenstein debacle and demon kick-boxing pig controversy, we've gotten pretty resilient to criticism.

GICK!S WAY COOL, ULTRA-SPIFFY, NIFTY NEAT-O

Coloring Contest...

...has now been extended through November 31, 1999. Send all submissions to: GICK! Magazine, PO Box 5273, Everett, WA 98206-5273. Consult GICK! V1#1 for further details concerning this contest.

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Front Cover:

Devil illustration courtesy of Coop.

Inside Front Cover:

Church of Satan "Join Now!" recruitment poster courtesy of Coop.

Page 25:

"Tierdrama" photo courtesy of The Church of Satan.

Inside Back Cover:

Photo of Anton LaVey courtesy of Nick Bougas.

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Next Issue



GICK! Volume 1 #3
On Sale January 1, 2000

Now that we've gone quarterly, our predictions of what will be included in the following issue, should be pretty gosh-darn accurate, as we'll have most of it slopped together by the time this one goes to press. GICK! #3 will offer coverage on such illustrious efforts as The Capture of Bigtoot, La Figlia di Frankenstein, Giallo a Venezia, Li Homplante Besha Humana, The Killing of Satan, The Mad Doctor of Blood Island, Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire, Mummy and Curse of the Jackals, and The Sinful Dwarf. Furthermore, we will offer a retrospective on Ted V. Mikels (director of such beloved classics as The Corpse Grinders and Astro-Zombies), and—last but not least—a follow-up to the expose "Snuff—The Making of an Urban Legend", detailing the current snuff controversy, as well as Mr. Stine's rise to media fame as a snuff film historian. (Modest, aren't I?) ♦ ♦ ♦

In Remembrance of
Dr. Anton Szandor LaVey



*"Life is the one
great indulgence;
death the one
great abstinence."
-Anton LaVey*

(1930-1997)

Anno Satanas XXII

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